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THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN AMERICA.—No. 2.

"If we seriously reflect on the vitality and fruitfulness of this (the Christian) civilization, we shall find therein new and powerful claims on the part of the Catholic Church to the gratitude of nations."

"It alone at once embraces everything great and noble in the others (other civilizations); it alone survives the most thorough revolutions; it alone extends itself to all races and climates, and accommodates itself to forms of government the most various; it alone, in fine, unites itself with all kinds of institutions, whenever, by circulating in them its fruitful sap, it can produce its sweet and salutary fruits for the good of humanity."

BALMES.

IT is one of the inestimable fruits of Catholicity, that it not only brings forth from social and political chaos, a civilization suited to the wants and capacities of society, but also, like a faithful parent, sustains it in vigor and preserves it from decay and debasement. Even when the vices at the foundation of society cause it to decline, if the Church is there, there is hope; for she can restore that which she has once produced. From the wrecks of a heathen or other inferior civilization, Catholicity can draw forth a pure Christian civilization, by infusing into the tottering institutions of a corrupt society "its fertile sap," which, by its "vitality and fruitfulness," "can produce its sweet and salutary fruits for the good of humanity." Thus the effete civilization of the old Roman Empire received a new and regenerated life, by a gradual and peaceful revolution, in which no blood was shed but that of the victorious. She even turned the northern barbarism, that poured down to brutalize and destroy, into an element of health—for she touched it with her ameliorating hand, and it was gradually moulded into the fruitful germ of a new Christian European civilization. This was the civilization brought with them by our ancestors to America. Catholicity is its parent, and, consequently, the parent of American civilization. No statesman could wish to see any other civilization substituted in its place. Its great fundamental guarantees are Order, Liberty, and Religion.

Without order, there can be no liberty; without liberty, religion is restrained in her peaceful and saving conquests; and without religion, order is impossible, and liberty an empty name. As therefore religion, the

religion that civilized Europe, in other words, the Catholic Church, has everything to gain from order, so it has everything to gain from liberty. One of the most zealous Catholics of our day, an obedient son of the Church and an inflexible opponent of arbitrary power in France, in a recent work on Catholic Interests in the Nineteenth Century, has devoted an entire chapter to the sublime proposition that "Religion requires the support of Liberty, and Liberty that of Religion."

It may thus be seen, merely from a consideration of her true interests, where the hopes and sympathies of the Catholic Church are, in all contests between liberty and despotism. It is not necessary, for this purpose, to wade through the history of those frequent, long, and angry contests in Europe, in which despotism and arbitrary power found their greatest and only victorious enemy in the Roman Catholic Church.

Good Catholics are loyal citizens under all forms of government. To question, at this late day, the loyalty of the Catholic citizen to the American Constitution, would be as insane as it would be for a person at noon, on a cloudless day, to deny that the sun shines. The Catholics of the revolutionary period were eminent for their advocacy and support of the present Constitution. As Catholics they had two reasons for this course: first, they saw that it contained nothing repugnant to the laws of God and the teachings of the Catholic Church; second, because they saw, that since the Church acquired under it liberty in common with all the sects, she could but succeed and flourish, where her only weapons, argument, charity and grace, were left free and unrestrained. This Constitution received, in its earliest infancy, the official recognition of the Roman Catholic Church.* This recognition has never been withdrawn, but has been reiterated in our own day.† The present flourishing condition and increasing progress of the Church, under the benign protection and guarantees of American freedom, surely afford no reasons to Catholics for violating that solemn pledge for its support and maintenance by "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," made in their name, for all posterity, by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

If the Catholic Religion were to be proscribed in this country, then the American Constitution, to which all Americans profess such ardent attachment and inviolable fealty, would *ipso facto* become a dead letter. The doors being once thrown open, any amount of oppression and persecution might be practiced with impunity. It makes no difference who the victim might be, the principle is in all cases the same. And so long as the American Constitution lives, so long will the Catholic Religion be free to exist and flourish, as well and as vigorously as its own energies and merits may enable it to do, without infringement upon the rights of others. Thus the fate of the Catholic Religion in this country, and that of the American Constitution, are indissolubly bound up together. The violence or wrong that would strike down the one, would annihilate the other. He that attacks the one, attacks the other. He that defends the one, defends the other. The charge against Catholic loyalty cannot be sustained, either by arguments drawn from the tenets of the Church, Catholic interests, or the facts of history.

In the recent great crisis in the Catholic Question, wherein Order, Lib-

* See in the Church Histories the proceedings relative to the establishment of a Catholic Bishop in the United States in 1784 and 1790.

† Reception of Mr. Cass as American Minister to the Court of Rome, and the mission of Mgr. Bedini to the United States.

erty and Religion, achieved a double victory over the two-fold development of fanaticism in this country, the fanaticism of religious intolerance on the one side, and the fanaticism of sectional intolerance on the other, the conservative elements of Catholicity were found, as they have ever been found, battling on the side of right and truth. The Church could not be a party in the contest; but her children, as citizens, had as deep and dear an interest in all respects in the triumphs of the Constitution, as any other class of citizens. As Catholics they were peculiarly interested, because, as Catholics, they were threatened with deprivation of their constitutional rights. The Catholic sentiment of the country stood in opposition to both these developments of fanaticism; and well it did; because there would have been no scruple with the leaders in forming a coalition of the two, and the sacrifice of the constitutional rights of Catholic citizens would have been one of the points conceded by the one to the other, as a consideration for the alliance. Thus there were two camps in the field. There was more in the Catholic Question than mere alliance to an open and avowed enemy. While Religion and Liberty were endangered on the one side, the Constitution and the Union were imperiled on the other. Catholics, as citizens and as individuals, are still to be warned against being drawn into the current of sectionalism, however popular or materially advantageous, whether it be sectionalism at the North, or at the South. Catholics, as well as all good American citizens, have but one common country to love and defend, and to which they owe the undivided allegiance of their hearts. As members of the Church, relying on the divine promise, we know that she is not susceptible of dissolution. She can never be any other than the *one fold* under the *one Shepherd*. So that, come what will, the Catholic Church would survive the shock, and would stand out, amid a general dissolution, the only united and entire institution. Her cause might suffer, but her integrity could never be destroyed. We therefore regard Catholicity as the most potent element of union, and the greatest safeguard of the American Union. We remember how the late and lamented Calhoun, when he saw the Methodist Society in the United States split in twain upon the question of slavery, arose in the American Senate and pointed to that as the rupture of another link that bound the Union together. No statesman, no patriot, will ever arise in the American Senate, or elsewhere, to announce the dissolution of another bond of the American Union by the loss of unity in the Catholic Church. For this we have a promise that cannot fail. No—the Church is unity itself; and she imparts her own inherit strength to society and its institutions. Unity, which is a part of her essence, exerts a sensible and powerful influence, for their preservation, on all institutions with which she is brought in contact. And when we view the causes tending towards dissolution, we know of no other element, which, working as it does by charity, can restore the fraternal love and confidence so essential for the safety and happiness of our beloved country. Should the dread calamity of dissolution ever come upon this country—which may God in his mercy avert for all time—then these salutary elements would be found at work assuaging the evils, healing the wounds, and restoring the scattered elements of society; thus adding another to the many “powerful claims on the part of the Catholic Church to the gratitude of nations.”

As Catholics, we know that the interests of religion are deeply involved in the preservation of the Union. As obedient children of the Church,

remembering the lessons we have received from our holy mother, we know that we owe it to the State, as a religious duty binding upon our consciences, to be loyal, faithful and patriotic citizens. As Americans, participating, in common with our fellow-citizens, in all the natural feelings, affections and hopes of men and members of society, we know that our earthly glory, our worldly prosperity, and our future prospects, are bound up with the destinies of our country. As men, grateful for the benefits and protection we have received in the Union, we are resolved to cherish and defend it. We, therefore, love the Union from motives of gratitude. We also love it, because it is good, beautiful and majestic. It should, therefore, be the aim of all, who are engaged in the care and direction of Catholic interests in this country, to foster and encourage a love of the Union in the Catholic heart, and to discard all narrow-minded and selfish local or sectional jealousies and affiliations, however popular, influential, or otherwise advantageous they may appear. Those especially, who are in the habit of addressing the Catholic mind and heart through what is reputed the Catholic press, or through our Catholic periodical literature, owe it to the cause of the Union, to the cause of order, liberty and religion, to their country, and to their Catholic constituency, to pursue this uniform, dignified, and patriotic course. We must regard any departure therefrom, as but the expression of the opinions and feelings of individuals, not responded to and not approved by the Catholic sentiment of the country. So far as writings, having a contrary tendency, may express individual opinions, they are not of great interest or consequence to the rest of the world. So far as they may be supposed to be representative, they are at least not the exponents of the Catholic sentiment of the country: though the danger is not the less on that account, since the public will persist in connecting them with the cause and interests of the Church, of which their authors may be members and known advocates. If there be a constituency, it is not a Catholic constituency, which is thus represented. We do not recognize as Catholic exponents such publications, and we cannot understand the consistency, in this connection, of Catholic representatives with a non-Catholic constituency. There may be freedom to act, but we cannot admit the prudence or the consistency of the act. Catholic interests are not promoted, but are retarded; the Church will of course survive, but the cause of religion and charity may suffer.

But it is not only in this respect that the Catholic mind and heart are to be addressed. Whether as a preparation for trials yet to come, or as the means of availing ourselves of the present moment of peace and security for promoting Catholic interests, much remains to be said, and still more to be done. We expressed, in our first article on this subject, great confidence in the recent verdict of the American people; we dwelt upon the present favorable turn in our fortunes and the propitious occasion for promoting Catholic impressions, and pointed out some of the means to be adopted. We must not, however, be too sanguine, for there are indications of future storms. The leaders, among the enemies of religious liberty and equality, are rallying their forces, and they are anticipating future victories, by recruiting their ranks by the anticipated dissolution of the elements which recently shielded the Constitution from their attacks. They expect, at least, to acquire sufficient strength to hold the balance of power in their own hands. We hope for the best; but it is well to be prepared for the worst. We know that the Church on earth is the Church militant—her triumph is in heaven. And whether our

words avail as a warning for a future contest, or as an appeal to avail ourselves of a past victory, we trust they may serve some good purpose.

But have our remarks been suggestive of a Catholic political organization for the protection of Catholic rights, or the promotion of Catholic interests? God forbid that they should suggest such a thought in any one's mind. We leave Catholics, as men and American citizens, to avail themselves of such lawful and constitutional means of protection and defense as their own good sense, their charity, and their consciences may suggest and approve. We have no political course to propose, or political cause to promote. We treat of the Catholic Question solely from a religious point of view. We have more faith in moral than in political means of warfare. Religion is our shield; faith, hope and charity, are our weapons. With these alone has the Church ever conquered, with these alone do we ever wish to see her triumph. We believe in the mild and blessed counsels of the Prince of Peace, breathed forth so sweetly on the mountains and in the august assemblies of his apostles and disciples. We believe in the providence of God, who makes use of the weak to confound the strong, and the little to confound the great. These we invoke, and we enlist in our cause those great Catholic elements which civilized Europe, and which cherished a germ from that noble civilization, transplanted to the virgin soil of America, and caused it to bloom and fructify here. This civilization, like its parent Catholicity, is an exotic nowhere, but is the offspring of Heaven, which covers, enlightens, and refreshes equally, all portions of the earth. With the learned and illustrious Balmes, by comparing the effects of Protestantism and Catholicity on the civilization of Europe, we might show from history how salutary have been the workings of these principles upon society. But our task lies not in the past, but in the future. *Fervet opus.*

No, we do not propose, as we have said, extraordinary means. To improve themselves is the great duty of Catholics at this time. A correspondence with the graces they receive in the true Church of God, and self-culture in all that graces and adorns life, are the chief means. Contact with society, as citizens, friends, relatives, and as men, breathing the spirit of charity, discharging all the duties of their state, and preaching by a virtuous example, will work out the result. It is for this purpose, and in this sense alone, that we address Catholics—not as a Catholic body, but as individuals—as a definable portion of the American people, it is true, but a part that is naturally and perfectly incorporated in the whole. It is not *isolation*, but *identification*, that we propose. Educated in a strict school of duty, viewing their obligations to the State as enjoined by religion, conservative in polities, and national in their patriotism, the more thoroughly Catholics become identified with the great mass of their countrymen, the more thoroughly will they impregnate the current of American life with the social, moral, and loyal virtues which distinguish them.

We have advocated, among the means of promoting Catholic interests, the creation and support, upon a liberal basis, of a national Catholic literature. How is this literature to be circulated among Catholics? Public education! how vast the theme—how potent the element—how profound the problem! We are not alluding to elementary education. Not childhood, but youth and nascent manhood are what we wish to see educated. This is the most momentous, the most precious period in the life of man. It is Catholic youth, and Catholic man and woman, that

need our solicitude and care after they have thrown off the restraints of the school-room. We would approach the young man on the threshold of life, and as he casts aside the *toga prætexta* we would claim the task and the honor of investing him with the *toga virilis*, in order that we might adjust its folds and girdle him for the journey. It was a beautiful and salutary custom, which required the Roman youth to carry his right arm modestly concealed in the folds of the *toga*, for one year after assuming that vesture of manhood. Thus, also, in the Christian republic, we would see the youth trained for the duties and responsibilities of after life. The young are precious to the future of the Church and the country. No opportunity or means should be lost of advancing them in virtue, intelligence, and manliness. With proper care and culture, they may be made to adorn the Church or to sparkle like jewels on the bosom of society. It was, therefore, with extreme satisfaction we recently read an able and generous vindication of their cause from the pen of one of our distinguished and learned fellow-Catholics and countrymen. In their name we thank Dr. Brownson for his noble and eloquent appeal in their behalf, and with him we exclaim: "O, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from their country and her glorious mission."

As channels for circulating Catholic literature among the people, there seems to be nothing better adapted than public circulating libraries, well stored with instructive and edifying Catholic publications. A judicious assortment of unobjectionable works in general literature might well be added. In every parish in the United States, there might be a parish library for all who can read, without distinction. Such libraries need not be very large, nor are they usually composed of costly books; so that it is a means at once cheap, easy, and most convenient for promoting self-culture. Besides this, there should exist in every city of considerable size, a public institute upon a more general and extended system, having for its object the moral, intellectual, and social advancement of Catholics, by means of libraries, lectures, and periodical literary and social re-unions. The clergy, we respectfully suggest, would do well in all instances by becoming active and zealous members of such institutes, in order to guard and protect them from any influences that might be injurious, to strengthen their own influence as pastors with their flocks, and to exert a wholesome direction over their pleasures and studies. The parish circulating library and the Catholic institute possess, each its peculiar advantages not common to them both; so that there should be secured, if possible, a combination and co-operation of the two. The parish libraries are kept at the church itself, where all the faithful so frequently assemble, and they are thus enabled to procure books without additional effort or inconvenience. These libraries afford the means of improvement to the younger members of the community, and to such as would not be likely to become members of an institute. They are excellent preparations for the more advanced purposes and studies of the institute. They are also capable of being used, with great advantage by the institute, as the more immediate means of circulating Catholic influences, spreading Catholic literature, and promoting Catholic interests among the people. The institute, on the other hand, affords the means of a higher and more thorough culture to the more advanced and experienced members of the community, and by its public functions and transactions, possesses the means of bringing Catholic

influences to bear upon general society, and upon non-Catholic and worldly circles. It is also one of the objects of the institute to exert an influence upon Catholic literature, by promoting its culture and encouragement.

In a country like ours, where the Catholic population, outside of the very large cities, is both small and sparse, it may not be practicable for the Catholics to establish institutes for the promotion of self-culture and the encouragement of religious literature. But our Catholic brethren, thus situated, are not without the means of this excellent improvement, nor wholly deprived of the refreshing pleasures and wholesome enjoyments of Catholic literature. Two means are presented for all such as these. First, wherever there is a church there may be a parish circulating library, and its adaptation to this end is another advantage possessed by the parish library system, not enjoyed by Catholic institutes. Second, there is a periodical Catholic literature in this country peculiarly suited, by its circulation in small towns and in the country, as well as in large cities, for spreading the excellent influences of religious reading, and for promoting outside of large cities, where they generally have their center, the growth of Catholic interests. Whatever advantages are enjoyed by Catholic institutes and parish libraries where they exist, the same are proportionately enjoyed by the Catholic periodical in places where the institute and parish library cannot be brought immediately into the field. This consideration at once gives a prominence and importance to our Catholic periodical literature, not heretofore sufficiently enforced upon the public consideration. We have in this vast Republic, with its three or four millions of Catholic population, only one monthly periodical, the *Metropolitan*, published in the metropolitan city of the Church and in a central city of the Union, and devoted, in the language of its own classic motto, to letters, religion, our country, and the Church. Its contents are varied, instructive, amusing and edifying. Its tone is elevated, pure, dignified, healthy, and truly Catholic. The commendations it is receiving every day from the Catholic press and from all Catholic sources, prove its title to the confidence and liberal support of that vast Catholic population. It supplies a great want in the country, and we feel no hesitation in thus particularizing it, because it is the only Catholic Monthly our literature possesses. What we have so urgently recommended, in our preceding and present article, is the *communication*, or *inculcation*, of Catholic impressions and influences, and by these means the promotion of Catholic interests in America. Considering how peculiarly adapted to these purposes a periodical, properly conducted, must be, we commend it as one of the most efficient means of forwarding the great cause of religion. The Monthly is, by its nature, a circulating library. It teems with current literature and news, and is issued at most convenient intervals in twelve parts, each of which may be circulated by itself among families and friends; and scarcely has a previous number gone its round of instruction, amusement and edification, ere another comes to keep up the perennial supply of refreshing reading for that healthy thirst, which is thus created and is thus perpetuated by the very means that relieve it. We would, therefore, suggest it as a task worthy of the attention of Catholic institutes, which we regard as among the leading instruments for advancing Catholic interests, to take the Catholic periodical literature of the country by the hand, and make it one of their principal aims to extend its many advantages, not only in every town and village, but also to every Catholic fireside in the land.

There is another advantage in the parish library, to which particular attention ought to be drawn. This is, the bestowal of its benefits equally upon both sexes: a feature in their organization which cannot be too highly valued. Woman needs culture, and especially the species of culture of which we have been treating, as much as man. And why should Christian Catholic woman be neglected in this age, and in this country? Has she not a high and holy mission to perform? Has she no virtuous and holy influences to exert upon man, the family and society? Has Providence assigned her no vocation in the Christian economy? Or, rather, is she not a most powerful element in the Christian civilization? Yes, in religion woman is everything. It was religion, not the sword of chivalrous man, that emancipated woman. It was through woman, pure, holy and immaculate, that man received a Redeemer, and religion has consecrated the devout thought that honors her, who found such favor with God, and was the blessed channel of such benediction to man. Her sex became emancipated, beloved and honored, through the influence of this holy devotion. In the Catholic Church there is a place for woman, and her virtues are not the least among the treasures of the Church. Thus, in all past ages no less than in our own, woman enlisted in the religious orders of the Church, has astonished and edified the world by the prodigies of her labors, her charities, and her heroism. Our superiority in this respect is acknowledged by an eloquent and distinguished English writer, a Protestant, who attributes to this fact, "the safety and the triumph of the Church of Rome at the close of the sixteenth century." Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Ranke's History of the Popes, says of the Church:

"Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities and magistracies. In our country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is, that though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cells of a prison to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the Bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntington would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first Superior of the Blessed Order of Sisters of the Jails."

Such is the spirit of the Catholic Church in regard to woman no less than to man. Nor is it confined to the religious orders. For the Church honors and sanctifies woman in all the relations of life. For though Catholicity contrasts so remarkably with Protestantism, in regard to the religious orders, the contrast is not less striking in regard to secular life. The Catholic Church alone numbers matrimony among the sacraments. The Seraph of Assisium established in his institute a third order, for holy men and women in the world. Thus, the king or the queen upon the throne, the soldier on the field, the statesman in his council chamber, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, the artisan, the laborer and servant, wore under the dress of the sovereign, the soldier or the civilian, the coarse girdle of St. Francis, and gained the merit of a special consecration to God. Apart from all this, for we do not propose or recommend any extraordinary or new means, woman has a high and holy mission in the order of Providence. We analyzed, in our first article, the elements of our

civilization into society, the family, and the individual. Man and society may, in a moment of intoxication, discard the influence of woman; but in the family, the middle element, she reigns supreme by force of her virtues, her affections, her gentleness and charity. This great element is committed to the guidance and the sway of woman, and such is the order of Providence, that the fate of the individual and of society, the other two elements, depends in a great measure upon the constitution and the influences of the family. How potent then is the influence of woman! How momentous, how paramount is the necessity of educating that influence, of exalting and elevating it, and thus fitting it for the accomplishment of the high and beneficent designs of God towards man! We would be distinctly understood as regarding the family or the social circle as the peculiar and proper sphere of woman, nor would we see her depart therefrom, unless it be in the manner sanctioned by the Church, by enlisting in one of those holy and heroic armies, the religious orders, which, at all times, have exerted so splendid and excellent an influence upon the Christian civilization.

But our subject would lead us too far. In conclusion, two suggestions are here ventured to be thrown out for our Catholic institutes. First, let provision be made for extending the benefits of their libraries to females, without requiring personal application at the library rooms, or other publicity that might conflict with their love of retirement. Second, it is a work worthy of the most energetic efforts of such institutes, and clearly not without their scope, as we understand them, to provide for the establishment of small circulating libraries in every parish within their respective cities. If the parish cannot raise the means, the funds of the institute could not be applied to a better purpose. Thus Catholic literature, and with it Catholic influences, would be carried into every family, however poor or humble; and every individual who can read would become a conduit for such influences. Thus Catholic institutes would become, what they should be, the promoters of Catholic interests; and every member of the Church, however humble, would become an instrument in forwarding this work of improvement and amelioration. For, in the language of the eloquent and truly Catholic Montalembert, "each of us, obscure and infirm Christians as we are, is however called upon, in his own particular sphere, to co-operate in the great action of the Church upon society."

R. H. C.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH.—It has been ascertained, by accurate scientific investigation, that the increase of temperature in the earth is about ten degrees Fahrenheit for every fifteen yards of descent. In all probability, however, the increase will be found to be in geometrical progression as investigation is extended, in which case the present crust will be found to be much thinner than it has hitherto been calculated to be. Taking, then, the present observed rate of increase, the temperature would be as follows: Water will boil at 2,430 yards; lead melts at the depth of 8,400 yards; there is red heat at the depth of seven miles; gold melts at twenty-one miles; cast-iron at seventy-four miles; soft iron at ninety-seven miles; and at the depth of one hundred miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platina, porcelain, and indeed every other refractory substance known.

IRELAND:

HER EARLY HISTORY AS SEEN IN THE LIVES OF HER SAINTS.*

THE miraculous powers of God's Saints have, in different ages, been very differently regarded. Since the reformation, especially, public opinion has been against miracles; the Lives of the Saints picture them individually more, and give us comparatively few miracles, and these so well attested as to defy doubt. This is due to the influence of Protestantism, and the suppression of miracles has been carried to a most undue extent in some cases. Butler has in this way given, in many cases, ideal characters to certain saints by eliminating much of their supernatural and miraculous character.

Many of the greatest living ornaments of the Church have deplored this reaction, and have endeavored to make the Lives of the Saints once more a source of aliment to Christian piety. The Oratorians have done much in England, and issue many works that would have been frowned down a quarter of a century ago. In France, Baillet and Godescard, as Butler is usually called from the name of his translator, have fallen into disrepute, and new, less rationalistic collections are prepared, while that delight of our forefathers, Ribadaneira's *Flos Sanctorum*, has been retranslated, and by its unction and piety revives the feeling of Christian heroism.

Dom Gueranger, Abbot of Solesmes, *the* Benedictine of our day, whose liturgical works and labors are so well known, thus treats the matter in the preface of his new work, "The Acts of the Martyrs." The last century suffered the enthusiasm of our fathers for the Lives of the Saints to expire. Just as the preachers in the great cities, as Cardinal Maury tells us, avoided pronouncing the name of our Lord, and replaced it by some circumlocution to flatter philosophic ears; so the rare hagiographers of that age, took care to banish from the Lives of the Saints which they published, the wonders of divine grace, the heroic acts of virtue, the extraordinary ways and especially the miracles. They wished to conform all to a certain measure, and that measure was not taken from the sentiment of the Church, but from the instincts of an age, in whose bosom the faith, already enfeebled by its struggle with Jansenism, defended itself with difficulty against the inroads of a philosophy for which the etiquette of the day required some concessions.

The seventeenth century, so little appreciated even now in its influence, had bequeathed to its successor a system of criticism towards the Acts of the Saints, that that successor had only to apply by the hands of Voltaire to the Scriptures themselves, and hurry generations into doubt and incredulity. Launoy and Tillemont, soon followed by Buillet, their disciple, disposed minds to this antipathy for the marvellous, which may be a more or less proper disposition in a philosopher, but is surely most misplaced in the Christian, whose faith reposes on the supernatural communication of God with man, and who should never forget the promise of Christ,

* *Histoire Legendinaire de l'Irlande* par L. Tachet de Barneval, Professeur au Lycee de Douai. Paris: 1856.

“Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do.” (John xiv, 12.)

The distrust with regard to miracles, the reluctance to acknowledge and admit them, became then one of the essential characters of the new hagiographers, and the re-casting of liturgical works even, undertaken in such dispositions, completely broke off all communion with a past of simple and unstudied faith. True historical criticism was doubtless often violated amid all these charges of falsehood flung on the testimony of ages; but this was unthought of in the joy felt, on at last offering to the public, whose rationalism became daily more exacting, the *Lives of the Saints*, expurgated, as far as possible, of all that was wonderful.

In no case, however, has this expurgation of miracles gone so far as in Ireland, where it has gone so far as almost to consign to oblivion the lives of the early Saints, the Apostles, and Virgins of the Isle, of whom the current literature gives only such bald and tame sketches, that beside them Butler becomes enthusiastic, and Buillet full of unction and Christian persuasiveness.

Compare, for instance, the life of Saint Patrick by Jocelyn and that by Lynch—which is, we believe, the only one now published in Ireland or this country. According to the one, he was a Thaumaturgus, wielding miraculous powers as great as those of Saint Vincent Ferrer, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Francis of Hyeronimo, or Blessed Peter Claver; according to the other, he wrought so few that it would be pretty difficult to obtain his canonization in our days. There is certainly an error in this. We conceive it as evinced by God’s ordinary providence in the conversion of nations, that the first apostle of a land, the one who wins it to the faith of Christ, is almost uniformly endowed, to an extraordinary extent, with miraculous powers, not accorded in an equal degree to his successors. God fits every man for the ministry to which he calls him, and for the overthrow of idolatry and implanting of the truth, usually gives the gift of miracles. We should, then, be disposed rather to prefer a life of Saint Patrick, that would thus portray him, than one which divests him of that gift. In the accounts which centuries of pious reverence have accumulated with loving care, and perhaps fond credulity, there may be chaff, but there is certainly wheat which will repay the winnowing of judicious criticism.

“The miracles of the Irish Saints,” says Barneval, “are not, I think, articles of faith; without questioning then their merits, we may then call in doubt many of the wonderful signs with which they are invested; but if we admit that their whole legend is only an epic, half monastic and half popular, by turns ingenious and rude, vulgar and poetical, simple and brilliant, dramatic and plain, we must admit that most of these accounts are symbolical. Men passed amid the nations doing good. Gratitude has transmitted their actions, imagination has transformed them. Their miracles may be inventions: their virtues are not; and there is always something true in these fictions, something human in this supernatural, some moral in this fancy.”

Detesting with all our heart these modern writers who so dislike the miracles of St. Patrick and the early Irish Saints, who so upbraid Jocelyn and Acaman and Cogitosus, and all those of whom Ireland may really be proud, and biassed as we are by our belief in the frequent manifestation of divine power in Ireland’s conversion, we took up the book of Mr. Tachet de Barneval with some misgivings, when we found that his

work was one not on Irish legends, in their popular acceptation, but a work on the Irish legend in its ecclesiastical meaning; in other words, a volume on the Irish saints. "In the French and Catholic meaning of the word the Legend is the Lives of the Saints."

Mr. Tachet de Barneval is a Frenchman, but of Irish descent, who, after his family's two centuries of exile, preserves a love for Ireland, with something of Irish blood and Irish instincts in him. We like him for this, and we like him better when he says: "In the seventeenth century, when reason became severe, when in the very bosom of Catholicity the worship of reason was inaugurated, the legend was attacked. The Bollandists soon criticised it, and the Benedictines expurgated it. Perhaps it then scandalized the unbeliever a little less: perhaps too it edified the faithful a little less. What the wise ridicule or proscribe; what the learned neglect or despise, what even the *litterateurs* disdain, is precisely what I have in preference explored."

His theory as to these lives is not ours: they are to him symbolical, and he seeks to trace by them the history of the times, the struggles of the early Church, and writing with ease and grace, and with something of Irish instinct, as he well says, he has made a volume which we have read with unfeigned pleasure and interest, and a feeling that in giving us the result of his long and extensive study of the early Irish hagiologies he has done the cause of Irish history an incalculable service. He has opened a new path, and we trust that others following in his steps will avail themselves of the same sources to paint the characters and life of the saints, whom we learned in childhood to revere, a Patrick, a Bridget, a Kieran, a Maccarton, a Columbkill.

To some of these saints, Barneval devotes separate chapters, and the Apostle of Ireland, the Holy Virgin of Kildare, the Dove of the O'Neills, Saint Fursey, Saint Brendan, Saint Columban of Bobbio, are all portrayed fully; but the most interesting portion is that in which he draws out, from the legend, the attitude of the Saints, the first Apostles of Ireland towards the princes on the one hand, and the people on the other; towards the haughty tyrant, who knew no law and bent to naught but an overwhelming power, and towards the oppressed people, who were the daily sport of the pride or revenge of the chieftain, whom, as faithful clansmen, they must follow to death. This political influence of the early heralds of Christianity is especially marked in the legend, if we take pains to gather up the little traits which are prominent in the account of every miracle and wonder. Nor is their social influence less clearly signalized by the monastic writers in their way, or less beautifully described by Barneval in his. The early alliance of the bard and the Christian priest furnishes him with a theme which he does not mar, and which, though familiar, comes before us in a new light as connected with the implanting of the truth, and also as the origin of some of the doubtful portions of the legend, where the minstrel, using his poetic license, engraved his version more deeply on the minds than the plain account of the prosaic priest.

The missionary saints of Ireland, from Saint Brendan, of whose voyage no one has yet discovered the key, down to Saint Columbanus and his associates, are the last of the tableaux which this true-hearted descendant of the Irish race exposes to our view. In the lives of the missionary saints of Ireland, as traced by Continental writers, he shows us the same characters that stamp those written in Ireland. "They show," he says, "what a remembrance foreign countries preserved of their Irish guests.

But the pure life, the sympathetic and benevolent character, the evangelic soul of these holy men, left to the nations that had welcomed them, not only poetic and marvellous inspirations, but, also, the national traditions which they bore with them from their native Isle. They taught their French and German disciples the legend of their Church, and all too the fileas recounted of the remote origin and primitive ages of the ancient race of Heber. Strangely enough, we find these traditions in the life of an Irish saint, written at Metz in the tenth century, or, at the latest, in the early part of the eleventh. This presence, this persistance of the national traditions of Ireland among the German monks o. Lorraine, is a still more interesting and remarkable fact."

But, while we linger with pleasure over the pages of Barneval, where he follows his monastic chroniclers, we cannot, with the same delight, listen to his words of doubt, his questions as to the influence of the Church on the nation, and his opinions as to Irish barbarism, drawn chiefly from Gerald Barry. These are pages which the work might well spare, and the questions demand another course of reading from that which he has so faithfully followed. The day has passed when men in their blind idolatry of trial by jury, the legal non-existence of married women, and the fictions of law which characterize the English common law, can speak with scorn and contempt of the Irish Brehon law. Only in our day has it begun to be studied and appreciated in itself and for itself. To condemn the nation as barbarous for refusing to accept a barbarous for an enlightened system, cannot be considered just even by English writers or their American imitators. And whatever Barry found worthy of his scorching condemnation at the time of Ireland's invasion by the murderer of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, the last of England's saints, one thing is certain, that every possible vice of the Irish system was continued and improved upon by the invaders, who added new vices of their own. The alleged barbarism of the Irish prior to the invasion, rests on the accusation of their enemies, but the latter, in their own annals, show their barbarity, their faithlessness, their inhumanity, and loss of Christian truth, in their haughty denial of the unity of the human race.

As a specimen of the author's style, we take at random a part of his chapter on Saint Bridget:

"In the stories which nourished the easy faith of the Irish people, and which enlivened their misery; in the inexhaustible, yet simple, story of charity, one name returns more frequently than others, it is the name of Saint Bridget. Bridget was the most generous heart, the tenderest and most feeling soul among all these holy souls, all these benevolent hearts that loved and succored poor Ireland; but it seems, too, as though the popular imagination took pleasure in portraying, in the form of a woman, the sweetest of powers, the dearest of virtues. 'Why,' asked the King, 'have you given to the poor the sword which I had presented to your father?' 'If my God,' replied Bridget, 'told me to give my father too, and you yourself, I would give both with all that you possess.'" In the legend other saints, and before all Saint Patrick, represent, doubtless, Christian and apostolic perfection; Bridget represents mercy and charity. The greatest and best had in their sanctity something dazzling and awful; their mission was to do good, but, especially, at the same time, to govern and sometimes to punish. Bridget, too, governed. Patrick seems, in dying, to have bequeathed her his spirit, and when the Irish Church, at the death of her powerful apostle, seemed for an instant to halt and totter,

it was Bridget who supported it and led it on in its path; she was for an instant, so to say, Bishop and Primate of Ireland; but this too human and almost masculine part of her history the people seem to have sought to forget, so as to behold in their sweet patroness only the woman, the merciful virgin, whom they place in a radiant trinity between Patrick and Columbkill.

Bridget and Patrick are moreover as inseparable in their history as in the memory of Ireland. From the assembly of Tailten, where Patrick beheld her and adopted her as his daughter,* she was attached to him, she walked, so to speak, in his shadow; she became also, thenceforward, the greatest after him in the Irish Church. "Thou art my equal," said he to her at Leth Glass. Patrick was interred in the winding sheet that he would have her make him with her own hands; and later, when Bridget died, the piety of the faithful would not suffer them to be separated in death; their bones reposed in the same tomb, waiting for Columbkill to come and share it with them. * * *

While the people preserved her memory and repeated the wonders of her life, saints, abbots, bishops, felt it an honor to commit them to writing; if in the time of Nennius sixty-six had written the life of Saint Patrick; Kilian, in the eighth century, writing that of Saint Bridget, enumerates those who had written it before him: they were Ultan, Eleran, Animosus, illustrious names in the Irish Church, without speaking of Cogitosus, and others. And who knows how many after them took up again the sweet and wonderful theme? for biographers had not only to relate the benefits where her power and gentleness were displayed in prodigies, simple and familiar, easy doubtless to do for any Irish virgin saint, easy to be believed by any Irish auditory, but a little too vulgar perhaps to charm or strike the imagination, the ear, accustomed to miracles. Bridget had not only done good, she sometimes did it with an ingenious and lovely grace; sometimes she was pleased to show in her works, not only the charity and power of a saint, but also the poetic and romantic imagination of a daughter of Erin.

"Virgin," cried Connal, "make haste and bless me, for my brother Corpre is on the way to kill me." Bridget blessed him; when Corpre came up he, too, asked her benediction, and the two brothers did not recognize each other; they embraced, and went with Bridget walking peacefully together.†

In those days the saints of both sexes traversed Ireland, evangelizing and preaching, edifying the faithful by their virtues and miracles, and followed by a vast crowd, whom imagination and piety drew to their company. They visited and instructed each other, celebrating pure and holy agapæ like those of the primitive Christians. One day Bishop Broon came to Bridget followed by a great number,‡ but they lost their way in the dense woods, and while astray night came on; now it was a cold winter's night. But Bridget, knowing what had happened, prayed for them. And lo! the travelers behold Bridget and her virgins coming. She led them with their chariots and horses into a spacious house and showed them Christian hospitality, washing their feet, repairing their strength by an abundant nourishment, and preparing couches, where they soon sank into gentle slumbers. They believed, therefore, that Bridget was in the midst of them, and really received them into her house. Yet,

* Vit. Brigid, auct. Animosus.

† Vit. Brigid, auct. Ultan.

‡ Id.

Bridget was afar off; and when morning came, they beheld around them the forest and the spot where they halted the night before, and Bridget coming, really with her virgins, to offer them a real hospitality in her real home; for all that had passed in the night was but an illusion, miraculously effected by her prayer.

Amid this hospitable race, in this land where every house was open to the stranger, where every tribe had its guest master, its Biatach, whose lavish hospitality it generously supported, where the harp and the minstrel's song, and the joyous salutation of the host welcomed whoever knocked at the door, how could the saints but be hospitable? Happier than many others, they could pour out, without exhausting, wine and hydromel; their wealth, inexhaustible like the faith which created it, defied all prodigality. Hence, frequently we find kings with their suites, their armies even, sit down and eat their fill at the ordinary frugal, but ever miraculously renewed, table of a poor bishop or anchorite. Sometimes, even, a holy traveler would come to the succor of his host taken by surprise, and the guests, after a moment's disquiet, beheld the viands re-appear on the platter, and the wine foam again around the goblet's brim. Then they blessed God, and the feast went on more joyful and more Christian than before. Nor was the verse or the music wanting there, for all, austere hermits, mystic virgins, grave abbots, venerable bishops, all were children of Erin, and the metallic chords of the national harp vibrated harmoniously to Irish ears. Bridget entered the dwelling of a king of the country of Blioch, and while awaiting the lord of the mansion,* Bridget saw harps hanging on the walls: "Let us hear some chants," said she. The foster-father of the prince and his sons, who were present, excused themselves, the minstrels were away. "But, if the Virgin will bless our hands," said they, "perhaps they will become skilful." Bridget blessed their hands, and they took the harps and drew forth sweet accords; and the king, as he approached his home, asked, with surprise, who could perform so well. Nor did they ever after forget the art which Bridget had taught them. Such had been her welcome gift, a present as gracious as the sweet and amiable virgin who offered it.

And such were always the graces obtained of her. Who would have dared to cover himself with her blessing, in order to do evil? * * * *

Such are the accounts of the legendaries. And while some gathered these fantastic stories, others related the daily wonders of her life and the benefits which her solicitous mercy unceasingly scattered over the little and the poor. She had passed everywhere, everywhere her charity had left ineffaceable traces, and the country of Kildare had not a rivulet, a house, or a stone, which did not relate a virtue or a miracle of Bridget.† Can we wonder that so alluring a history charmed the imagination and the heart of a poetic race, and that the sweet form of the heroine shines radiantly amid the saints of the legend as the most beautiful star in the sky of Ireland.

* Vit. Brigid, auct. Ultan.

† Topog. Hibern.



MEMOIR OF MONSEIGNEUR SIBOUR,

LATE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.*

BY JAMES BURKE, ESQ.

THE New Year has been mournfully inaugurated. The sanctuary has been stained with the life-blood of an amiable and pious prelate. The Church in France has, for a second time within a few years, given to the sacred roll of martyrs in the cause of duty an honored name, and again has a French Primate met with a violent end.

MARIE DOMINIQUE AUGUSTE SIBOUR, whose murder has fallen like an appalling blow upon the Christian world, was born on the 4th April, 1792, at St. Paul Trois Chateaux, in the diocese of Valence, and had therefore nearly attained his sixty-fifth year at the time of his assassination. From the period of his entering on his sacred profession, he devoted himself assiduously to its duties, and rose through the regular ecclesiastical gradations, till he became in 1839 Bishop of Dignes.

* From the *Lamp*, London.

When in 1848 Monseigneur Affre fell a victim to revolutionary violence, as he bore a message of peace to those who raised the barricades, General Cavaignac selected the Bishop of Dignes for the Metropolitan See. The choice was ratified by universal approbation, for Bishop Sibour's reputation had extended widely, and his learning, piety, and zeal were well known.

Mgr. Sibour was the fifteenth Archbishop of Paris since its first creation into an archiepiscopal see in 1621. This diocese, the most important in France, since it contains more than 1,700,000 inhabitants, had for its first bishop St. Denis, who was beheaded in 272. This apostle of the Gauls was succeeded by 109 bishops. Out of that number six are revered by the Church as saints, and ten were cardinals. Since the commencement of the nineteenth century this great see has only been occupied by five archbishops. Cardinal de Belloy held it from 1801 to 1809; then came a blank of eight years, during which Cardinal Maury, who had been named, could not take possession in consequence of the refusal of Pope Pius VII to give him the canonical institution. In 1817 Cardinal de Talleyrand Perigord was called to the see of Paris, and died in 1821. He was replaced by Monseigneur de Quélen, his coadjutor, whose death took place on the 31st of December, 1839. Monseigneur Affre succeeded him on the 10th of August, 1840; and then came Monseigneur Sibour, who filled it for eight years two months and sixteen days.

Monseigneur Sibour took possession of the vacant see in October, 1848, when he made his solemn entry into the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, and a *Te Deum* was chanted on the occasion. One of the first appearances of Monseigneur Sibour in public, after his installation as Archbishop, was on the occasion of his visit to the very spot in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where his predecessor had fallen, like a good shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep. Monseigneur Sibour distinguished himself by his practical piety and zealous discharge of those duties which are more eminently of a pastoral character. He felt that many of the Parisian populace had been too much and too long alienated from the Church. Such being the case, he determined to make his people known to him and himself to them: accordingly, he threw aside all pomp and show, and spent days and weeks in visits, on foot, to high and low, rich and poor, to schools, and hospitals, and prisons. The good results which he thus wrought were immense, and will not readily pass away from the minds of his flock.

About three years ago the deceased prelate was nominated by the Emperor Louis Napoleon a member of the Senate of France. About the same time Monseigneur Sibour published his famous pastoral letter on the subject of the observance of the Sabbath; and it is mainly owing to his efforts and high influence that the Sunday movement has spread so widely and so rapidly through France.

The character of the illustrious deceased has been of late familiarized

by his remarkable Pastoral on the subject of the "Dogmatic Definition," which was translated and published by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, with an introductory Pastoral of his own. All who have been near the venerable prelate knew the elevation of his mind, his touching charity, and his devotedness to the interests confided to him, and will retain an imperishable remembrance of his eminent virtues. Monseigneur Sibour evinced in the administration of the diocese of Paris all the foresight and all the sagacity of his mind. He applied himself to the development of religious studies in his diocese; animated the zeal of the ecclesiastical school of Carmes, which soon presented the most brilliant candidates for the highest examinations of the faculty of letters; established public conferences, where, four times a year, in his presence, solemn discussions on theological questions took place; and, in order to secure to the sacred ministry persons the most worthy of filling its imposing duties, he ordered that during the first five years of the priesthood examinations should be gone through by the young priests on all matters important for them to be acquainted with. He caused to be revived the old *fête des écoles*, which was a kind of fraternization of religion with philosophy and poetry. His own inaugural address in the Church of St. Géneviève, delivered to a congregation of divines and lay professors of the university at the head of their classes, was regarded as a model of Christian eloquence. Monseigneur Sibour endeavoured also to increase the number of churches in the most populous quarters of Paris. Thanks to the co-operation of the Government, his efforts were crowned with success. On the 29th of December the Archbishop consecrated in the Faubourg St. Antoine the new parish church of St. Eloi, and he rejoiced at every day witnessing some fresh guarantee of moral progress in his diocese. Only very lately he was occupied with the foundation of a hospital for convalescents. On the day before his death, on receiving the members of his clergy on the occasion of the new year, he talked to them about the care of poor children, and awakened their most lively solicitude in favor of all the sufferings which could be consoled by religion. So he pursued his task, marking his days by fruitful works. All this indefatigable devotedness and this life of conciliation and charity could not protect him against a sacrilegious hand. At the moment when he was leaving the archiepiscopal palace to proceed to St. Etienne-du-Mont the virtuous prelate distributed abundant alms. It was his last adieu to those whom he was never again to relieve. He was of an exceedingly gracious deportment. His face had a most charmingly benevolent expression, and might be called beautiful. The liberality of his mind was in harmony with the winning grace of his manners.

We now come to the melancholy event which has made the name of Archbishop Sibour so sadly memorable in the annals of the Church.

Paris was plunged into profound consternation on Saturday evening, the 3d of January, by the report that the Archbishop of Paris, whilst offi-

ciating in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, had been murdered by a priest. At first no one could believe in the reality of so awful a crime committed in such a place and by such a hand; but it was soon ascertained, lamentable to relate, that the sad intelligence was only too true. The following is a detailed account of this dreadful crime:—

It was the *fête* of Ste. Géneviève, and the archbishop went to the church, according to announcement, to preside over the opening of the annual *Neuvaine* in honor of the saint, who is patroness of the city of Paris. After Vespers, and after a sermon preached by Mgr. Lacarrière, bishop of La Basse-Terre, a procession was formed and paraded round the church in the customary way, the Archbishop in his robes walking at the head of the lady patronesses of Ste. Géneviève. Just as the Archbishop arrived opposite the outer door, and was about to turn up the nave, a man advanced towards him from the crowd of spectators, and removing the prelate's cape with his left hand, plunged with great force with his right hand a large Catalan knife into the prelate's breast, near the heart. The Archbishop fell back two steps, cried out "*Ah, le malheureux!*" staggered, and fell into the arms of the priests who surrounded him. The wounded prelate moaned two or three times, as if in great suffering, and was the moment after bathed in the blood which flowed from the wound. He was immediately conveyed into the vestry, and medical assistance sent for; but all human aid was found to be useless, as he expired almost immediately. The fatal blow was struck with such extraordinary rapidity that it was impossible to prevent it. The assassin, a young man of about thirty years of age, dressed in dark-colored clothes, was immediately seized: he had at the moment the knife from which the blood was dropping still in his hand. Just before the venerable prelate breathed his last, Abbé Surat, Vicar-General, who was close to him, gave him absolution.

The assassin was conveyed to the Mairie of the twelfth arrondissement, and M. Moignon, substitute of the Procureur Imperial, and M. Treilhard, examining magistrate, were immediately summoned, and commenced an interrogatory. M. Cordonon, Procureur Imperial, and M. Pietri, Prefect of Police, subsequently interrogated him also. From what he said, it appeared that he was a priest of the diocese of Meaux, named Vergér. He had been four or five times interdicted for misconduct, and some months back was again suspended for having preached against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In November last he displayed great zeal in defending a woman who was tried at Melun for poisoning her husband, and though she was convicted of the crime, and condemned to hard labor for life, he printed a pamphlet declaring that she was innocent, and casting the grossest imputations on the judges and the public prosecutor. The pamphlet was seized by the authorities before it could be distributed, and it caused a new complaint against him to be made to his bishop. A little later, he uttered menaces against a respected clergyman of the

diocese of Paris, who had done him many kindnesses; and the clergyman deemed it necessary to make representation to the police. On the 24th of December he came to Paris, and took up his residence at an hotel, No. 2, Rue Racine. He was accustomed to pass days in the public libraries, and even on Saturday he went to one as usual. He endeavored to obtain an appointment in the diocese of Paris, but it was notified to him that the archbishop would not grant him one. On hearing this, he appears to have projected the death of the prelate, and he purchased for the purpose a knife at the shop of a cutler in the Rue Dauphine.

The Papal Nuncio, immediately on hearing of the assassination, went to the residence of the curé of St. Etienne-du-Mont, where the Archbishop's body lay. The Nuncio was much affected on beholding the inanimate remains of one whom he had only seen two days before, at the Palace of the Tuilleries, in full possession of health and faculties, and for whom he felt so great an esteem. The body of the Archbishop was embalmed, and laid out in state for some days.

The obsequies of the Archbishop were celebrated on the tenth of January, in the presence of an immense crowd of people, who evidently wished to testify their respect for the venerable prelate who had been so suddenly taken from among them. The morning was gloomy and intensely cold, and the ground still covered with the hail and melted snow which had fallen during the night; yet the bitterness and gloom of the weather did not prevent the approaches to the Archiepiscopal Palace and the Cathedral of Notre Dame from being thronged with a multitude. At eight o'clock the Metropolitan Chapter proceeded from the church to the residence of the Archbishop to receive the body, which had been placed on a catafalque, raised under the principal entrance. The clergy and attendants knelt around it, and, after some time spent in prayer, the *cortège* formed in the following order:—A detachment of Municipal Guards; the band of the Guides; a detachment of the regiment of Guides; a battalion of the Gendarmes of the Imperial Guard, with the band at their head; a battalion of the line, with the drums muffled, and beating at intervals; six mourning coaches, in which were the members of the Metropolitan Chapter, and attendants bearing the archiepiscopal insignia—the crozier, the pectoral cross, the mitre, and the pastoral ring, covered with crape; the hearse drawn by six black horses, led by footmen, and surmounted by a silver cross. On it was placed the coffin, covered with black velvet, with gold mouldings, but without any other ornaments. Immediately in advance of the hearse walked a domestic in livery, bearing the star and riband of St. Maurice and St. Lazare, the riband of the Legion of Honor, and other decorations of the Archbishop; he was followed by the household. Then came the members of the Archbishop's family, accompanied and followed by a crowd of people belonging to every class of society; among whom were mingled officers of the army and navy, simple seamen, and soldiers of the army of the Crimea, operatives in

blouses, women, Sisters of Charity, and the brethren of the Christian Schools; a battalion of the line, with its band of music and muffled drums; the carriage of the Archbishop; the Emperor's carriage, with the Grand Chamberlain, the Duke of Bassano, representing the Emperor, and Prince Jerome's, followed by a long train of private carriages. The ground was occupied by a double line of troops of the 20th, 11th, and 40th regiments. The *cortège* was closed by a squadron of dragoons. The grand entrance of the Church of Notre Dame was hung with black from the gallery known by the name of the *Galerie des Rois de France*, to the ground. The walls of the interior were covered with the same sable tapestry.

On the arrival of the remains at the entrance of the church, the prebends and honorary canons, and the parish priests of the diocese, preceded by the Cross-bearer, went to the door to receive the remains of their late Archbishop, and with the canons who had brought them from the palace, bore them to the catafalque before the high altar. Then rose from the choir the solemn music of the dead, and after the mitre, crucifix and crosier of the prelate were deposited on the coffin, the funeral service began. The solemn dirge of the *Dies Irae*, which more than any other, except perhaps the *Miserere*, awakes with the thoughts of the grave those of atonement and redemption; the gloom of the old building, made darker still by the sombre atmosphere and the melted snow, which pattered against the high windows; the black tapestry, varied by the armorial bearings of the prelate; the funeral costume of the attendant bishops and clergy; the body beneath the altar before which the departed had so lately ministered; the pealing notes swelling through the lofty aisles, and floating along the vaulted temple; the consciousness that the man whose remains all were sorrowing over had not been removed from among them by mortal decay, but had been foully murdered while in the performance of his sacred office—all this seemed to make an appeal to the heart which it would be difficult to express, but which was told in many a moist eye.

The bishop of Meaux was the officiating prelate; the service was performed with all the pomp of the Church, and, from the number of priests that joined in it, was most impressive. During the mass salvoes of artillery were fired, the bells tolled mournfully, and, at the elevation of the Host, the troops in the body of the cathedral knelt on one knee and presented arms. At the close of the mass, the five absolutions ordained by the Church for an archbishop were slowly and solemnly pronounced. The bishops and clergy, and all the personages present, advanced towards the centre, and sprinkled the coffin with holy water.

The crowd then gradually dispersed. The coffin was left exposed on the catafalque. At three o'clock numbers returned to attend the vespers for the dead; and at four o'clock the coffin was deposited in the vault near the entrance of the choir, which is destined to receive the remains of the archbishops of Paris. This vault only contains five coffins; those of Monseigneur de Juigné, who died since the first revolution; of Monseig-

neur du Belloy, who gave his resignation at the period of the Concordat in 1808, but did not die until 1811; of Monseigneur de Périgord, who died in 1821; of Monseigneur de Quélen, who died at the close of 1839; and of Monseigneur Affre, who was killed in 1848.

Such are the leading circumstances connected with the career of the late Archbishop of Paris, and with the awful close of his life. The event which has robbed the Church of so valuable an ornament, has arrested the attention of all. The ecclesiastical rank of the victim, the scene of his assassination, and the profession of the assassin, combine to give solemnity and awe to the entire appalling transaction. Let us hope that such an act may remain for all time isolated in its peculiar horror, and never again stain the history of the Church. We may confidently trust that the good prelate has reaped the reward of a well-spent life, and that he, whose heart was pierced for his love for God, and His Mother, and for his resolute adherence to duty, has "entered into the joy of his Lord." On earth the memory of his zeal will be honored as long as man shall retain those feelings which instinctively prompt him to reverence piety and virtue.

TRUTH AND REASON.

How beautiful the fantasy
 That warmed the brain of him of old—
 The watcher of the midnight sky—
 Who, as the stars above him rolled,
 Untaught of dim Primeval Cause
 And crowned will and sceptred laws,
 Had glimpses of a spirit-band,
 Careering through the trackless air,
 Each shaping, with a giant's hand
 The orbit of a blazing sphere!

A holier thought and not less bright
 It is, that o'er the sands of time,
 • We walk not in the mystic light
 Of Providence, far off, sublime,
 Nor Fate, nor Chance, with baleful ray,
 Kindles the load-star of our way—
 But, that where'er our tents are cast,
 Each hath an Angel by his side,
 From the first life-sigh, to the last,
 His guardian, champion, friend and guide.

Such faith seems half idolatry
 To speculation's earth-turned eyes,
 But wo befall us! if we see
 No truth save that in reason's guise!

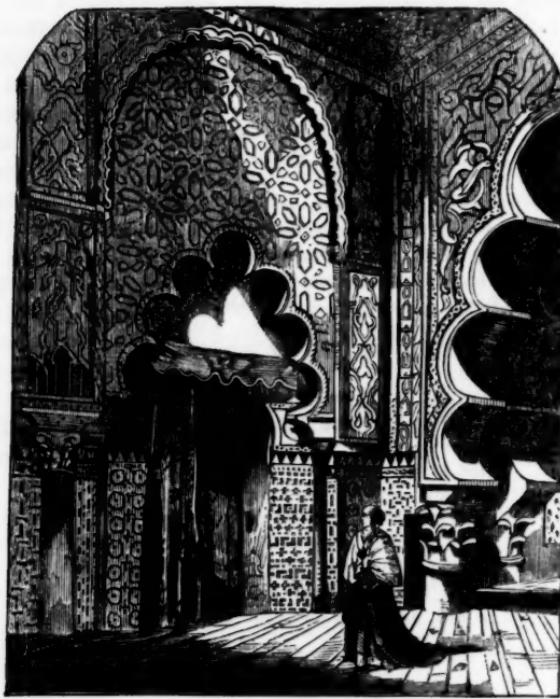
The simplest child, in sun and storm,
Hath visions of God's awful form,
That dazzled science could not paint,
And he, who bends to laws alone,
May mock the worship of the saint,
Yet kneels unto a graven stone!

The Heathen, when his fancy gave
Their deities to all things fair—
Set Neptune's trident o'er the wave,
And, temples made, of earth and air—
Had more of worship in his heart,
More of religion's better part,
Than he who dives in reason's well
For all the truth to mortals given,
And from its depths alone, will tell
The starry mysteries of Heaven!

I would not, that the dreams of old
Should veil, again, the wakened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
That to be wise we need be blind;
But, when I see how darkly lie
The plainest things before mine eye,
That, with each turn of reason's wheel,
Falsehood and truth, both, upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
Is best and most of what I know!

X.

PROGRESS OF LIFE.—Men rejoice when the sun is risen; they also rejoice when it goes down, while they are unconscious of the decay of their own lives. Men rejoice on seeing the face of a new season, as at the arrival of one greatly desired. Nevertheless, the revolution of seasons is the decay of human life. Fragments of drift-wood meeting in the wide ocean continue together a little space; thus parents, wives, children, friends and riches remain with us a short time, then separate—and the separation is inevitable. No mortal can escape the common lot; he who mourns for a departed relative, has no power to cause them to return. One standing on the road would readily say to a number of persons passing by, I will follow you. Why, then, should a person grieve, when journeying the same road which has been assuredly trodden by all our forefathers? Life resembles a cataract rushing down with irresistible impetuosity. Knowing that the end of life is death, every right-minded man ought to pursue that which is connected with happiness and ultimate bliss.



CHAPEL IN THE ZANCARRON.

THE CATHEDRAL MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

Continued from page 103.

OF the chapels which have been devoted to the services of Christian religion, the interior of a few remain in the most perfect state of preservation exhibiting all their original splendor and harmony of detail. One of these the *Zancarron*, or the Chapel of Mahammed against the southern wall surpasses in beauty any other part of the building. It contains three enclosures separated from each other by columns of jasper, and archways in double tiers, which were sanctified by the presence of the Caliphs themselves, who resorted thither as to a sphere above the reach of mortals. These apartments with their mosaics have something of a Byzantine appearance, and but for the inveterate horse-shoe arches, remind you strongly of the ancient Greek churches. One of the outer ones, called the *Mirah*, still possesses all its original beauty. Its carved ceiling of wood glitters with spangles and letters of gold; the delicate colonnades covered with trefoils and crystals, and the *plateresco*

work, hanging to the walls like cemented diamonds or the stalactites of a subterranean grotto, retain all the lustre of their Saracenic origin, and cause you to regret the passing away of that brilliant epoch, which gathered together such freshness of genius, such poetry of art, as to almost realize the gorgeous descriptions of oriental fiction.

From this chapel you enter a small apartment in the centre, whose beauty of style and finish far surpasses either of the others and indeed anything in the building. It is an octagonal inclosure of about fifteen feet, faced with arabesques and glittering with mosaics of the most exquisite patterns. The walls are literally covered with tracery in relief, mingled with which are bands of gold and black with arabic inscriptions, and lace work of the most variegated tints and as delicate as gossamer. In the adjacent archway, a large painting by Cespedes, covers a great portion of the elegant work upon the wall, marring much of its beauty, but forming in itself another object of curiosity. Twelve columns of variegated marble with bases and capitols of polished gold support the roof, which is a single block of virgin-white marble, carved with the most infinite delicacy and of the form of a scallop shell. The Moors believed this to be the nearest spot to heaven on earth, where the presence of the Deity was more sensibly felt, and wherein the Paynim priests consulted with the spirit of Mahomed. The author of "Glimpses of Spain," says: "With all its massiveness, it seems so delicate and pure, that you might half believe it had been found on the sea-shore—a mermaids palace thrown up by an earthquake, or a chariot of state new-made for Amphitrite!" The Cordovenses will tell you, that the Sultan of Constantinople pays to this day, a tribute to the crown of Spain for this little sanctuary, in order that Christian services may not be performed there, and to preserve it from spoliation. The pavement beneath the roof has been worn down with the tread of visitors, till it has the appearance of a concave. The transparent shell, which seems to be suspended above your head, forms a delightful contrast in connection with the high coloring of the walls, which are richer than a cashmere shawl, and more studiously ornate than the finest Egyptian fret-work. The inscriptions are mostly taken from the Koran, and are quite in character with the nature of the other embellishments, seeming wholly to belong to them. But the mosaic work, with all its ingenious diversity, and the peculiar beauty of the receding ornaments, illuminated with gradations of leaf-gold, violet, pink and opalescent purple, are what more than all, strikes the beholder with amazement. The delicacy and accuracy with which this chaos of arabesques are fitted to each other, the miraculous and almost endless profusion of geometrical forms, beautifully harmonized, and the perfect state of preservation in which the finest plaster-work and most delicate carvings are found, are sufficient to demonstrate, that a far higher order of ornamental architecture, existed among the people of that day, than we have any idea of and which the ingenuity of the nineteenth century is unable to reach

A writer in the "Penny Cyclopaedia," speaking of this class of Moorish decoration, remarks the following: "Their geometrical patterns exhibit singular beauty and complexity, inexhaustible variety of combination, and a wonderful degree of harmonious intricacy, arising out of very simple elements; to which must be added the variety produced by color also, whereby the same arrangement of lines and figures could be greatly diversified. Hence, though apparently quite unnecessary, and intended only to gratify the eye, such embellishments must have powerfully recommended itself to a people both imaginative and contemplative, and whose fancy would find occupation in patiently tracing and unravelling the manifold intricacies and involvements, the mazes of what at first sight looks like a mere labyrinth until its scheme unfolds itself." Apart from this sanctuary is another little chapel, called *Capilla de los Reyes Moros*, which is said to have been the oratory of the Caliphs, and which must have rivalled in its time, with even the richness of the *sanctum sanctorum*, which we have just left. But the inveterate use of white wash, which the Spaniards use to daub over everything, has completely nullified the original beauty of which it boasted, and all that can be traced now, is the charming multiplicity of its detail, without the coloring. The little alcove, where they say the Koran laid, and the sacred volume, written by the Caliph Othman, enshrined in its case of gold and glittering with emeralds and rubies is still visible, and the window with its crescent-shaped arch, from which the commander of the faithful dispensed his blessings. These exquisite apartments, are the ones tradition assigns to the labors of Al-Haquem, one of the descendants of Abdurahman I, whose talents were brought to light by rather an amusing circumstance. Sismondi gives the anecdote as taken from a work published in the 14th century, called *Count Lucanor*, one of the first ever written in the Castilian language. It was a collection of novels, forty-nine in number, on very nearly the same plan as the *Decameron*, though not of the same character:

"There was once a Moorish king of Cordova, whose name was Al-Haquem. He governed his kingdom with tolerable discretion, but he did not exert himself to accomplish any great and honorable exploits, as kings are in duty bound. It is not enough in them barely to preserve their dominions. They who would acquire a noble fame, should so act as to enlarge their territories without injustice, and thus gain the applause of their subjects during their life, and at their death leave lasting monuments of their great achievements. But the king of whom we are speaking, cared nothing about all this; he thought only of eating, and amusing himself, and spending his time idly in his palace. Now it happened one day, that he was listening to the music of an instrument of which the Moors are very fond, and which they call albogon. He observed that it did not sound so well as he could contrive to make it; so he took the albogon, and made a hole underneath opposite the others. The effect of this was that the albogon yielded a much finer note than before. This was a very clever invention, but not exactly suited to a royal personage. The people in derision, pretended to praise it. It passed into a proverb,

and when speaking of any useless improvement, they say: 'It is worthy of king Al-Haqueum himself.' This saying was so often repeated, that it came at last to the ears of the king, who inquired its meaning, and, in spite of the silence of those whom he questioned, he insisted so pertinaciously on an answer, that they were obliged to explain it to him. When he knew this, the king grieved sorely, as, after all, he was in truth a very good king. He inflicted no punishment upon those who had thus spoken of him, but he made a resolution in his own heart to invent some other improvement, which should compel the people to praise him in good earnest. He set his people to work to adorn the great mosque of Cordova. He supplied every deficiency, and finally completed it, and made it the most beautiful, noble, and exquisite of all the Moorish mosques in Spain. Praise be to the Lord, it is at this day a church, and is called St. Mary's. It was dedicated by that holy Saint, king Ferdinand, after he had taken Cordova from the Moors. When the king had finished it, he said that if his improvements on the albogon had hitherto exposed him to derision, he expected that for the future he should be applauded for the completion of the mosque of Cordova. The proverb was in fact changed, and even unto this day, when the Moors speak of an addition superior to the object to which it is attached, they say: 'King Al-Haqueum has mended it.'"

So many curiosities of art exist within the walls of this great edifice that a person might employ himself for a year, as Owen Jones and Jules Goury did in the Alhambra, diving through the labyrinths of its long colonnades and still not come out with the conviction of having seen everything.

The riches of the present Cathedral are immense, and if not so prodigal in ornamentation and elaborateness of detail as the old Mosque, it possesses furniture and treasure of undeniable value. The sacristies exhibit a collection of reliquaries, paintings, crucifixes and robes of the most ravishing beauty and workmanship, many of them of the greatest antiquity. During the Peninsular war, when the game of plunder was being played by both French and English alternately, the Cathedral of Cordova was stripped of most of its original splendor. The ravaging French soldiery cared as little about sacrilege as did some of the followers of Wellesly, and so the pillage was valuable, were not very scrupulous as to its whereabouts. The magnificent plunderers, however, with all their avarice, failed to make a clean sweep, for we still behold statuary and other furniture of solid gold and silver, and many of them bearing such a respectable age as the 12th and 13th centuries.

In one corner of the church is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, of solid silver, exquisitely carved, and set within a shrine of gothic proportions, which is called the *custodia*. The shrine itself is a charming piece of work, executed in good taste, elegant in design, and as delicately wrought as a Chinese ear-ring. The sculptor's whole genius must have been expended upon this gem; you can see nothing but minute tracing and a perfect heaven of foliage, metricalulations and cherubs, so elaborately combined,

that you cannot conceive how the genius of one man could accomplish so much. "They say, that in the war of the Peninsula, when magnanimous Dupont was plundering the dwellings and churches of the city, and carrying off gold and silver by the wagon load, he halted in front of the *custodia*, and—left it where it was, in honor of its beauty and the sculptor's genius!"* Lady Tenison in her work on Andalusia, says that Murat thought seriously of making it a centre piece for his dining table. There is another custodia in the sacristy, a master-piece of the Arfes, which is likewise beautifully wrought and covered with silver statues similar in design to the one at Toledo. Among the other curiosities which visitors always see, is a pillar on the western part of the church, where a crucifixion is engraved in the solid porphyry, said to have been done by a christian captive with his finger nail, while he was chained there by the Moors. It has all the appearance of age, is finely finished, and cut deeply in the stone. The Cordovese entertain a great respect for this relic, and have it secured with a little grating to keep off the fingers of the curious. At a short distance is the statue of the artist, in a kneeling position with his feet chained to a ring. An inscription written upon the wall close by, gives the legend in Spanish verse ; it runs thus :

" El cantibo, con gran fée,
En aqueste duro marmol,
Con la uña, señaló
A Christo crucificado
Siendo esta iglesia mezquita,
Donde lo martyizaron."

This and the white banner of St. Ferdinand, which was borne at the conquest of the city, form two of the popular curiosities of the interior. The latter hangs on the staircase as you descend to a subterranean chapel. In connection with the historic portion of the cathedral, we must not omit to mention the legend of St. Raphael, to whose special guardianship the city of Cordova and its church is consigned. A monument has been erected a short distance from the cathedral to perpetuate the legend. It is called *El Triunfo*, and is surmounted by a gilded image of the Arch-angel, with a flaming sword in his hand and wings outstretched, and glittering with gold. The column is about ninety feet in height, composed of variously covered marbles, and rests upon a base of granite, around which are grouped all sorts of allegorical images, statues, and fantastically shaped monsters, which forms the strangest category in connection with elegance and grace that can possibly be conceived. A vault in the interior of this mound contains the remains of Bishop Pascal, who during his life was particularly devoted to the honoring of the celestial patron : and the pedestal with all its ornaments is enclosed by a handsome railing, which has helped to preserve it in a tolerable condition. On the face

* S. Teackle Wallis, Esq.

of the rock is engraved the following inscription, which contains all the merits of the case :

YO TE JURO POR JESU-CHRISTO CRUCIFICADO,
QUE SOI RAFAEL ANGEL, A QUIEN DIOS TIENO PUESTO
POR GUARDA DE ESTA CIUDAD.

It seems that on the seventh day of May, 1578, the good priest Don Andres Roéla, was blest with an apparition of the holy Arch-angel, who communicated to him in the above words, his divine mission of becoming their guardian and protector. The chroniclers relate all the particulars of the interview, the length of time it lasted, and the manner in which it was delivered. Every house in Cordova is furnished with a picture of the vision ; as in Mexico, every house has its memorial of the miracle of Guadalupe. There is a tract or book published in the city, which sets forth in full all the particulars of this extraordinary apparition, "to be procured," says Gautier, "at the establishment of Don Raphael Garcia Rodriguez, calle de la Libreria." In the front is an engraving of the arch-angel, with his wings outstretched, holding in his hand a fish and a travelling staff, and underneath is the title, which runs thus: "The true history and curious legend of our patron Saint Raphael, Arch-angel, Solicitor of the Plague, and Guardian of the City of Cordova."

The literary reputation of this great city of the Moors, however, has been of a character to compete with any other city in Europe. During the domination of the Saracens, and even to this day, the Cordovese are said to be the most impassioned bibliomaniacs in the world. Those who are able to purchase, pay the most extravagant prices, and many collect for the mere purpose of ostentation, for no one is considered rich or noble who does not possess his own library. In the 10th century, during the reign of the second Al-Haquem, the city possessed a royal library of 400,000 volumes, which had been collected from different parts of the world at an inconceivable cost. The Caliph himself, through whose zeal it was accomplished, was a man of considerable learning, and greatly devoted to literature. It is said of him that out of the 400,000 volumes possessed by the library, not one, but had been carefully examined, and the genealogy, birth and death of its author written in it by his own hand.

FAREWELL.

I ASK no farewell token
Of thine afar to bear;
No link of bright gold broken,
Nor lock of thy dark hair.
My soul shall still be near thee,
Tho' far from thee I fly—
I only wish to hear thee
Say "Bless you and good-bye."

This miniature that beareth
Thy resemblance I refuse,
Because my fond soul wear eth
One that it may not loose.
The love that needs a token
To keep its faith may die;
Then all I would have spoken
Is "Bless you and good-bye."

FATHER PETER MARTINEZ,

THE FIRST APOSTLE AND MARTYR OF FLORIDA.

THE following account of the first apostle and martyr of Florida, is taken from an old Latin work of Father Tanner, S. J., published in 1675, and treating of those members of the Society of Jesus who glorified God by their heroic virtues and the effusion of their blood.

We have not, as yet, seen published in English so full an account of this glorious servant of God and apostle and martyr of Christ, and we think that the readers of the *Metropolitan* may be pleased to peruse this translation of a venerable work, which serves at once to portray the virtues of a saint who trod our native shore, and to show the character of the ancient inhabitants of the Land of Flowers.

FATHER PETER MARTINEZ, the first apostolic laborer in Florida, was born at Lerida in Spain, A. D. 1533. So earnest was he in the pursuit of Christian perfection, that even when a boy he consecrated himself to the service of God by a vow of perpetual continency. While prosecuting his earlier and domestic studies, as yet unacquainted with the Society of Jesus, he felt an aversion towards its members. But having accompanied to the College of Valencia, four students who desired to enter the Order, and having more carefully observed the virtues of its members, and especially the fraternal charity which reigned among them, he not only began to treat with them in a more confiding manner, but also conceived the desire of joining their Society. He forthwith applied for admission, and though not one of those four, whom he had accompanied to Valencia, was deemed worthy of being received into the Society, he was enrolled among its novices, by Jerome Natalis, in the year 1553. Having finished his noviceship and entered upon the study of theology, he performed at the same time the duties of preacher and minister of the house and of catechist among his rural neighbors, being accustomed to say that he was ready to discharge a hundred offices if his superiors should impose them on him. And as his industry was as great as his talents, whatever office he undertook, he endeavored to make himself perfect in the discharge of all its obligations. Hence, when through obedience, he assisted in the kitchen or performed other humble offices, he not only applied himself to the task which was assigned him, but rendered himself familiar with the entire art, so as to equal in skill those who had been his instructors. He was, indeed, versed in nearly all those arts which are necessary for the varied purposes of life, and which are exercised by the brothers in religious orders. This knowledge was of great service to him and the occasion of exercising charity towards his neighbor in the disastrous expedition of the Spaniards into Africa, A. D. 1558. Martin, Marquis of Cordova, was appointed to command the royal fleet which was destined for Africa, and F. Martinez and F. Peter Domenecus, together with a lay brother, were to accompany the army to render them spiritual assistance. Having prosperously reached Oranum, a maratime city of the Spaniards, on the coast of Africa, while the army proceeded to Urostaganum, the fathers and brother were ordered to remain behind for the purpose of giving spiritual and corporal aid to the soldiers, who, more than five hundred in number, occupied a hospital in Oran. Rather would they have desired, and, in

deed, well would it have been for the army, to share in all its disasters, to be at hand during that dreadful conflict which witnessed the utter ruin of the Christian forces, too few in number to cope with an immense host of barbarians. The news of this defeat having reached Spain, the three Jesuits were lamented as dead, and the usual masses and prayers were offered by their fellow-members of the Society. Providence, however, preserved them amid their incessant toils by day and by night in behalf of the sick, and especially watched over Peter, whose varied attainments made him of the greatest service in the hospital, destinng him for other and more glorious combats to the honor of his holy name. In obedience he had reached such perfection, that the more hard and difficult the thing commanded, the more prompt was he in performing it, being accustomed to say that there was nothing, however troublesome and formidable, which he would not boldly undertake, trusting in obedience and the grace of God, having learned, by experience, that the divine assistance was more liberally given where that which was enjoined was attended with more danger and difficulty. Hence, he desired to be sent to countries where idolatry or heresy prevailed, preferring those into which the Christian religion was for the first time to be introduced. This long and most ardent desire of his heart was gratified in the following manner:

Peter Menendez having been appointed by his Catholic Majesty, in the year 1565, to reduce Florida under the sway of the Spaniards, accepted the charge on condition that some apostolic laborers of the Society should be granted him, whose services in his Eastern campaigns he still remembered with gratitude. St. Francis Borgia, at that time Vicar-General of the Society, destined three, one of whom was Martinez, to bear the glad tidings of salvation to Florida; but as Menendez, with his army, was obliged to sail from Spain before the Fathers had time to arrive, Martinez prepared himself for his arduous mission by daily and cruel flagellations and fasts. During the three months which he spent at Alcala, at his own request he performed the humiliating duties of the kitchen, admirable for his self-contempt, and preparing himself by such abasements for the glorious combat in which he was to triumph upon his very entrance into Florida. It may not be amiss here to describe this distant portion of territory—the field of the labors of several members of the Society of Jesus, who there shed their blood for the cause of Christ. Florida is a very extensive province of America adjoining New Spain; Juan Ponce de Leon was the first to enter its territory, on the Feast of Easter, 1512. He named the country Florida, from the festival day on which it was discovered, called by the Spaniards the Easter of Flowers. Its inhabitants are noted for the ferocity of their character, their great strength of body, their extraordinary skill in the use of the arrow, and surpass other nations in expertness in running and swimming. The sun and moon are the principal objects of their adoration—to which sometimes in the year they offer solemn worship, abstaining during three days, without intermission, from eating, drinking and sleeping. Hence, those who can fast longest and with the least detriment to their health, are in the highest repute; but they are condemned to neglect, whose weak constitutions will not allow them to practice long-continued austerities. They live for the most part on the herbs which the soil spontaneously produces, on game, fish and maize, which last is a very common food among the inhabitants of America. They call Caciques (as is also the case in nearly every part of the new world) those whose rank places them above the common people.

As yet, the seed of the Divine Word had not been sown in this vast region of the West; the Spaniards occupied a few garrisons on the maritime coast, but in consequence of the vigorous assaults of the natives, they were reduced to the greatest want. In these extremities, Menendez yielded not to despair, but said that he bore all with equanimity, for he was conscious of having consecrated his arms to the divine glory for which alone he contended, trusting especially to the prayers of the Society, with whose assistance he hoped to accomplish whatever he should undertake, and, therefore, the more anxiously awaited the arrival of the Fathers. After a year's voyage, which was attended with very great suffering, seventeen ships reached the port of St. Augustine in June, sent as a relief by the King of Spain. They were soon followed by a fleet making its way to New Spain, and which conveyed to Florida Peter Martinez and John Roger, priests, and Francis Villaregius, to whom was entrusted the management of domestic affairs. The dispositions which animated them clearly appear from the letter which, upon his departure, Martinez addressed to St. Francis Borgia, as if foretelling the glorious termination of his life.

"In a preceding letter," says he, "I thanked your paternity for the favor which the goodness of God has conferred upon me through you; and I hope from his mercy that, that favor may greatly tend to his service and glory, who is wont to commit illustrious works to the ministration of fishermen and humble men, in order that greater glory may be given to his name and that his power may be more known. By the mercy of God, I undertake this voyage with courage and with entire confidence in his grace, having frequently devoted my life and my blood to his service in the mission which obedience assigns me. Rest assured, dear Father, that we shall employ all our strength, with the assistance of divine grace, in bringing those provinces to the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer, that those souls redeemed by the most precious blood of Christ may not perish forever. Nor shall we exert ourselves the less in maintaining that good name which the Society of Jesus, to which I owe so much, has well deserved by the illustrious labors of our Fathers, we shall rather endeavor to add to it, as duty requires, to the greater glory of God. I would wish, indeed, that some other head and leader were with us to whom I might be subject; however, the disposition of Divine Providence consoles me in this, as in all other things. With full reliance, therefore, on the virtue of holy obedience, I prepare myself for the office, congratulating myself upon having companions of such merit as John Roger, a professed priest of three vows, remarkable for his great charity and humility, and solid virtue of every kind; and as Francis Villaregius, our helper in domestic affairs, just such a man as I would wish to have—one who, I am convinced, is dear to the heart of God, and whose equal is seldom found. He is, therefore, such a one as this great work demands. We are full of joy, and would wish already to be in our province in order to endure some toils for him who, on our account, labored even unto a bloody sweat and most cruel death. Since it is an undertaking of very great importance to carry the first seed of the Christian faith into regions so vast as those to which we are going, gladly indeed would we have received the benediction of our most Holy Father Pius V, humbly prostrate at his feet. But as this was not in our power, we were sufficiently consoled by the letter which informed us that he wished us well, and, though absent, conferred upon us especial favors; and your paternity can assure him, in our name, that,

besides myself, who am bound to him by the vow of my profession, faithful sons of the Holy Roman Church are about to depart for the acquisition of a new flock, for which end they are ready, with divine grace, to shed their blood, and they account it a very great favor of God to lay down their lives for the spiritual advancement of those whom they may gain to Christ. May your paternity likewise invoke the blessings of heaven upon us, that we may ever remember that we are your children and the children of the Society to which we are so much indebted. To confess the truth, dear Father, my heart is excruciated when I reflect that during the thirteen or fourteen years in which the Society has continued, with so much care and by so many means, to train me up, I have advanced but little, notwithstanding the instructions and examples of heroes so illustrious and holy, of rules and constitution so complete and so wise, notwithstanding the so frequent use of mortification and prayer, so many pious conferences and exhortations, and, in fine, the direction of superiors so prudent and zealous—all which means, employed during so long a time, were well calculated to soften a heart even of stone; hence my heart is torn with anguish upon my departure to a country, where I shall be almost entirely deprived of all these helps. We should now gather, with diligence, the harvest into that place in which it will indeed be of service, and where the field for suffering is very wide. O, that it were given me, before I leave Spain, to speak to all the fathers and brothers of our Society, that I might express and impart to them my feelings, and admonish them to make use of the present time, carefully to gather in and store up for emergencies like mine, those treasures of grace with which they abound. But, since this is not in my power, may I at least suppliantly beg your paternity and the whole Society, to recommend my companions and myself to God, so that we may discharge the trust imposed on us to the glory of God and the advantage of our neighbor."

When the vessel, in which the Fathers were, drew near to Florida, it separated from the fleet bound for New Spain (Cuba), and took a northern direction. But as the captain was unacquainted with the land, which was then scarcely thirty miles distant, it was determined to send, in a small boat, men who would explore the country. None, however, were found daring enough to venture among fierce and cruel savages. The captain therefore ordered some Belgians to go to the shore, who positively refused to comply unless Father Martinez were allowed to accompany them. The Father being informed of this determination, fearless when others were to be served, and filled with that charity which bids us sacrifice our lives for our brethren, leaped first into the boat, being followed by nine Belgians and a smaller number of Spaniards. Scarcely had they reached the land, when a storm arose and drove far from sight the ship which they had left. Going upon shore with his companions, Father Martinez could find no traces of Spaniards—all, far and wide, was a dreary wilderness. And although on one side the rough and threatening ocean, on the other, unknown and vast solitudes were presented to the eye—they waited for ten days in the same place, with but little food to satisfy their hunger, thinking that perhaps some other vessel might present itself. Occasionally they wandered about to gather a few herbs, Father Martinez at their head, bearing the image of Christ crucified, and as his companions afterwards related, performing prodigies of charity. But at length despairing of the return of the ship (which, after many circuits, landed at the Island of Cuba), and fearing to scour the country

with which they were entirely unacquainted, being besides almost reduced to extremities from scarcity of provisions, they determined to entrust themselves to an adjacent river, against the current of which they rowed for nearly fifteen miles. As, however, nought but solitary and desert lands met their view, they returned to the sea, intending to proceed along its coast, hoping somewhere to meet with a harbor. Another river meets them after they had coasted along for sixty miles, turning into which as their boat suddenly runs aground, Father Martinez leaps first into the water, and applying all his strength, with the assistance of two Spaniards, he succeeds in extricating the vessel. Here they pass the night. On the following morning, having left a few to take care of the boat, the rest, with Father Martinez at their head, carrying his crucifix fastened to the point of a lance, went forth to explore the country, invoking the protection of the saints by chanting their litanies. They met with a few huts amid the pines—but saw only one man, who immediately concealed himself in the neighboring forest. Entering the huts with the expectation of finding something to satisfy the hunger which almost devoured them, they saw only a large fish, half of which they took; and leaving, at the suggestion of Father Martinez, a cloak and a collar of glass as the price of the fish, returned to their boat. On the following day, five natives appeared near the river and invited them by signs to the shore; the Father putting his hand to his mouth, thus indicating his desire for food. The Indians immediately hastened to their huts, anxious to gratify those whom they had found so liberal on the preceding day in paying for the fish. They returned, therefore, laden with excellent water, broiled fish and other articles of food, and indicated by various signs that they were far from being a hostile people. The Father gave them in return (it was the best that his poverty could afford), a few pictures which he cut out with his scissors from the leaves of his book. These, like children, they manifestly prized more than the armor which two of the Spaniards had presented to them. Father Martinez and his companions coasted along the shore, meeting with kindness from the various tribes that dwelt near the streams along which they passed. An old man who seemed far beyond his hundredth year, with hair flowing down to his knees, indicated by signs, that when they should have passed three tribes, who dwelt near as many rivers, they would meet with a Spanish colony. Consequently, having quickened their speed and passed by two tribes, as they drew near the Island of Tacatucurus they met with four young fishermen, who, without hesitation, offered them a large quantity of fish; one, however, of the youths, immediately withdrawing, called together more than forty of the natives, twelve of whom entered the boat, while the rest remained upon the shore. The Father reading in their ferocious looks the hostility of their minds, was yet unwilling that the boat should be farther removed from the shore until the Belgians, who had landed, should return. The charity which led him to save the life of a neighbor, procured his own death. For, while the Belgians, having returned, were entering the boat, some of the savages, judging from his dress that he came to teach a law which was hateful to them, seized the Father and two of the Belgians with sudden violence, and dashing with them into the river, carried them an easy burden to the shore. Those in the boat were witnesses of the execution—they saw the Father upon his knees, with hands uplifted towards heaven, receiving from a club repeated blows upon the head until life was extinct.

The two Belgians met with a similar fate on the same occasion, viz. September 28, 1566.

The rest, who were in the boat, escaped with difficulty from the arrows of the enemy. On the following day they met with a Spanish vessel, and related to Menendez the sad death of Father Martinez, which occurred within fifteen miles of him. They ceased not to speak of his extraordinary charity and the other virtues which he practiced among them; they spoke with grateful recollections of his kindness in accompanying them to gather herbs, which he cooked during the night upon the shore—they said that he alone constantly consoled and sustained them all, speaking not only his native tongue, but addressing the Belgians in the language of their country which he had never learned. Menendez, upon hearing these details, experienced lively regret; acknowledged that he was unworthy of such a helper, and ascribed it to his sins that he was deprived of such a man, in whom he placed more confidence than in a powerful army.

HARP OF THE FALLEN!

HARP of the fallen, how calm are thy slumbers!
Hush'd are thy chords in unbroken repose—
Where is the bard of the love-breathing numbers
Again the deep tale of thy tears to disclose?
Oh! where is that spirit, whose rapture could borrow
Rich dreams of thy freedom and fire,
And mingled so sweetly the softness and sorrow
That breath'd from the soul of his own island lyre?

In darkness he found thee—in sunshine he left thee—
Liberty liv'd in thy heart-swelling strain;
But tyrants again of thy music bereft thee,
And “silence around thee hath bound his cold chain.”
Thy harpings are vanish'd—thy spirit has spoken—
The nations no more at thy story shall weep,
Whilst the hearts of thy children all lonely and broken
Shall hum thy wild songs o'er the far distant deep!

Harp of the fallen, repose on the willow!
Sigh like the breeze passing over thy frame—
Mourn like the break of the sea's weeping billow,
No more shalt thou waken to freedom and fame;
Where are the garlands of glory that bound thee?
Where are the hearts that could start at thy call?
Where are the splendors of old that were 'round thee,
The boldness of Brian—the fire of Fingal?

They are gone, my lov'd Harp, and have left thee forsaken—
Rude was the hand of the spoiler upon thee;
But all is not over—thy chords shall awaken
In full chorus, yet, to the shouts of the free.
Oh, yes! when the spirit of Liberty rallies
On the blue of the hill and the green of the plain,
And the voice of thy sons shall repeat in thy vallies
The soul-stirring cry of “a nation again!”

Examiner.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER I.—*Castle Abey-Ha.*

LORD SEYMOUR TO COUNT ALPHONUS DE MANCINI.

WHAT a length of time has elapsed since our last interview! How many events have transpired since we met! God has directed all; let us bless him, now and forever.

Your letter of last month, convinced me, that mine had not yet reached you. Any other than Alphonsus would have doubted my friendship; but we both know how to value the motive of an affection which neither time nor circumstances can change; and in this fleeting world, after the possession of a true friend, the first of blessings is to know how to appreciate him, and to confide in him; this sweet security is the basis of happiness.

The hope of soon seeing you here induces me to send a recital of all the events, that have brought us together. You are already acquainted with Henry of Walsingham, and his sister Matilda: they are as anxious as myself to have you here, and your first interview will be the more agreeable, from your having been informed by my letter of all that concerns them and their children.

You know it is about eight years since I last saw you returning from Boyonne, where I met Sidney, and embraced the Roman Catholic religion. After our separation, I passed to the north of Scotland. Rosline Castle was a most peaceful abode. Henry of Walsingham had lost his wife, Caroline of Salisbury, who being of an extremely gentle and sensitive disposition, had suffered greatly from the misfortunes that afflicted her family, without showing her grief or the pains she endured. She had thus undermined her constitution, and they perceived when it was too late, the secret sufferings of this virtuous lady.

Henry having become a widower, he and his sister, the Marchioness of Rosline, brought up their children in a solitude, which they knew well how to render agreeable, and far remote from a perverse world, for which they had inspired them with horror. Whilst Lady Mary Walsingham received from the Marchioness the care of the most tender mother, Edmund and Silva shared equally the paternal affection of Lord Walsingham, who joining a wise firmness to the most amiable sweetness, forgot nothing that could form the mind and heart of his nephew and son. United in holy friendship, though both inclinations totally different, these two young friends were inseparable in their studies and amusements, and had but one heart and one soul—to love God, their parents, and their duties.

Edmund, quick and impulsive, like his father, Arthur of Rosline, had need of all his religion, and the power of virtue too, to repress his natural violence. Silva, on the contrary, quiet, thoughtful, silent and reserved, was more difficult to know, and had greater command of his passions.

I arrived at Rosline Castle in the month of May; Matilda and Henry received me with the most distinguished affection. I did not at first tell them I was a Catholic, wishing to give them an agreeable surprise. The Marchioness presented to me her son Edmund, a lad of fourteen years old; the daughter of Lord Walsingham was twelve.

They had just made their first communion together. I learned at the same time, that Silva, the interesting god-son of Lorenzo, who was to have shared the same happiness with his sister and cousin, had asked and obtained from his father a delay of fifteen days, and that he had gone to pass them with Mr. Billingham, at an Abbey some leagues distant, in order to prepare himself better for this holy and awful action. This recital made me doubly regret not being able to make the acquaintance of this amiable child; but urgent business demanded my presence in the south of Scotland. I took leave of the inmates of Rosline Castle, after having related to them my conversion, which overwhelmed them with joy.

I spent many years in traveling; during this time, Silva made his first communion with angelic fervor, at the Abbey where he had made his retreat. This child was gifted with the sweetest benedictions of Heaven, and he corresponded with them in a manner far above his age. Mr. Billingham, who cherished him as his son, brought him back to the castle, where he suffered cheerfully the little pleasantries, that his sister and cousin indulged in, on his decided taste for solitude.

Lord Walsingham, however, found it inconvenient to keep Edmund and Mary any longer together. He was sure Matilda would have no objection to their union, and that she could easily obtain a dispensation from Rome; but whilst waiting until their age would permit them to think of it; it was prudent to separate them. Matilda made the same reflections, and both feared to communicate them to the other, not being able to resolve on depriving Mary of the maternal care of Matilda, or Edmund of a guide such as his Uncle Henry.

After mature deliberation, Lord Walsingham taking his sister aside, explained to her all the reasons which rendered it necessary to separate their children, and he added: here is my plan, which I wish to submit entirely to you; the preservation of my estate in England, the very advanced age of Lord B—— demand my presence in that country; I desire to commence a voyage of some years by a short sojourn in Great Britain, and to take with me your son and mine, leaving Mary with you until my return.

Matilda approved her brother's plan; she, however, expressed her fears with regard to his stay in England, where there was still much excitement in favor of Mary Stuart, against whom Elizabeth was carrying on a criminal persecution. She represented to her brother Edmund's ardent disposition, his great excitement at the remembrance of the Marquis of Rosline, and her fears, that his devotion and enthusiasm in the same cause might lead him into dangerous difficulties.

Henry had foreseen all. He reassured his sister, promised her that Edmund should not leave him a single day, and that he would bring him back to her, such as she could desire. Matters being thus decided, he called the two youths into his cabinet and communicated to them his design.

"You are of an age," said he, "to know something of the world, to study its customs and frequent society, of which you must be the example and ornament, if you would realize my hopes. Traveling instructs while it amuses, and forms the character when you travel with a guide

capable of rendering it useful to you, such as I purpose to be to you. I am aware that solitude until now has not been burthensome to you, but you must learn also to bear society; it exacts sacrifices, attentions, cares and respect, and one must possess more than ordinary virtue to mingle with the world and remain what he was in retirement. Besides the soul loses nothing by it, and acquires more merit, provided she does not allow herself to be dazzled by its false brilliancy; this is what we will do with the assistance of Heaven, which never fails those who ask it."

Lord Walsingham, who watched the countenances of his pupils, saw that his proposition gave no pain to Edmund, but Silva, a deep crimson suffusing his countenance, kept his eyes, full of tears, cast down, and preserved a mournful silence. Edmund inquired what countries they were to visit, and what was to be the term of their journey. Lord Henry named Spain and Italy. He saw with pleasure that his nephew was not very much affected at leaving Rosline Castle; but the sad and painful silence of Silva surprised him much. He left them, however, without solving his doubts, and prepared for their departure.

Edmund flew to his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and Silva went alone in the garden, whither his father followed at a distance; he took the path to a pavillion, where Mr. Billingham retired to study, read, or meditate. The door was open, Silva stopped upon the threshold, fearing to disturb his respectable friend who was occupied in reading; Mr. B. making a sign to him to enter, he threw himself upon a seat near him, and wept bitterly.

"All my projects of peace and seclusion," said he, "are destroyed. I must frequent the world, which I had hoped to quit without ever knowing it; I must breathe its poison, and perhaps lose in one moment the fruits of your cares, your prayers, and the retirement of my youth. O, my father, my respectable friend! obtain of Lord Walsingham for me, the privilege of remaining here, that I may be forgotten."

"My son," said the good old man, gravely, "the first of virtues is, obedience; it is the basis and the pearl of all the others, it opens heaven, triumphs over all the obstacles to salvation and God, scatters all evils before it; He prefers it to the most heroic sacrifices, and it is by it that one enters with a rapid flight into the career of perfection—"

"But without you?"

"Man is but a feeble reed; God employs him to-day for the service of one of his children, to-morrow he breaks, or removes him, and the first object he meets becomes, in his all-powerful hand, a more useful instrument, until it pleases him to substitute a third. Raise your heart, my dear Silva, above passing events. The Eternal only will render you happy. Be careful not to let your father suspect your repugnance to follow him; come to table with a tranquil countenance."

Silva kissed the hand of the venerable old man, without answering a word.

Lord Walsingham joined Mr. Billingham, to whom he had already imparted his plans before even speaking of them to Matilda; they spoke of the marked inclination of Silva for solitude. Lord Walsingham being a sincere Christian, did not wish to oppose the vocation of his son, nor to disquiet himself about it, but he desired that his inclination should be matured with his age. Silva acted during dinner as Mr. Billingham had requested him; Lady Mary wept much, and Matilda could not part with her son and nephew without sensible grief. Henry embraced the Marchioness of Rosline, then pressing to his heart his well-beloved daughter,

he said, "Render yourself worthy of Matilda, the memory of your mother and of my tenderness." Mr. Billingham blessed Edmund and Silva, and the travelers left Rosline Castle. Silva, who did not know that Mr. Kennelly was to be of their party, learned it with inexpressible satisfaction. This ecclesiastic, who was much younger than Mr. Billingham, had been brought up at Rosline Castle by the Duchess of Salusbury, and after the death of the Marquis of Rosline, he had devoted himself to the education of Edmund and Silva, under the direction of Billingham, whom he loved as his father.

CHAPTER II.

In passing Remember Hill, Henry sighed as he saluted this dwelling, which awakened the remembrance of Lorenzo, Caroline, Arthur and Sidney. He stopped but little until he reached Carlisle, whither the desire of seeing an old friend of his family, led him to the house of Admiral O'Dell, an Irish lord, a Catholic, and very much attached to the Queen of Scotland, for which he was deprived of the greater part of his wealth during the regency of Murray.

Admiral O'Dell had three daughters; the eldest, who was married to Lord Melvell, kept his house and took care of the two younger sisters, sixteen and eighteen years of age. The desire of establishing them handsomely in the world, engaged the admiral in a round of feasts and pleasures, and involved him in a train of extravagance his fortune did not justify. Esther and Jenny loved the world, show and expense; Lady Melvell blamed them, and was scarcely more reasonable herself.

The wife of the Admiral was still living, but so infirm that she never left her room, or saw any one.

Lord Walsingham was received with open arms; they congratulated him on having arrived precisely on the day of the ball, which would be embellished by his presence, and particularly that of his sons. Edmund passed for such, because the name of Rosline being proscribed, Henry made him bear his name.

Mr. Kennelly inquired particularly for my Lady O'Dell, who though his half-sister, being children of the same mother, but of a different father, he did not know. This lady was about fifty years old, very infirm, and had kept her chamber for several years. Mr. Kennelly begged Lady Melvell to introduce him into her room, and Silva obtained leave to accompany him. Lady O'Dell was a woman of distinguished merit, endowed with wit, with knowledge and religion; her seclusion was not burthensome to her, and her acute and continual sufferings had altered neither her gentleness of disposition, nor her Christian resignation. Mr. Kennelly, who was an orphan from his tenderest years, and brought up at Rosline Castle, knew nothing of his family, learned that his mother had seen both her husbands perish for their religion, during the stormy reigns of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth in England. Being left widow with one daughter of her first marriage, and twins of the second, she soon fell a victim to her sorrows. Anna had married, when very young, Admiral O'Dell; the two others were confided to the Duchess of Salusbury, who kept the young Kennelly with her and placed his twin-sister in a convent, from which she removed her at the age of eighteen, to marry her to Major Love, an excellent Catholic and devoted to Mary Stuart, for whom he lost his life.

Silva was charmed with the conversation of Lady O'Dell, and engaged

his father and Edmund to come and pass the evening with this respectable lady. Henry willingly agreed, and excusing himself on account of the fatigues of his journey, obtained the consent of the Admiral to absent himself from the fête. Lady O'Dell received them most graciously, and preserved during the entire evening an unalterable amiability, which prevented any one from suspecting her sufferings and anxieties.

The next day at breakfast, the Admiral, addressing himself especially to Silva, complained gaily of their absence from the ball. "My lord," replied Silva, "you have lost nothing; I am but a child, and would have added little honor to your feast, which, through the kindness of Lady O'Dell, I have had the honor of amusing and diverting her in her solitude." "As for us," said Jenny, "this has given us great pleasure, for we should have been obliged to quit the ball, from time to time, to keep ma company had no one been with her." "I believe, nevertheless," interrupted Edmund, "that it is frequently with regret that you sacrifice the society of Lady O'Dell to the necessity of embellishing the fêtes given by your father, for what pleasures can compensate for those offered by the conversations of such a mother." "It is true," replied Miss Hester, "but mamma is always sick, and you will admit, that at our age, it is not agreeable to be all the time shut up."

"It is impossible," said the Admiral, laughing; "I neglect nothing for the amusement of my daughters. Their education being completed, they must enjoy themselves."

The following days Silva continued to visit Lady O'Dell. Henry abstained through delicacy, perceiving that the Admiral did not like his wife to receive strangers. A few days sufficed for Lady O'Dell to bestow her esteem and affection on Silva, who soon discovered that deep afflictions, joined to physical maladies, were shortening the days of this estimable lady. Her frequent prayers were always accompanied by tears, and her melancholy was often perceptible amidst the charms of her conversations, which were as amiable as they were solid and instructive. He thought that the dissipation and frivolity of the Misses O'Dell were well calculated to afflict a mother so capable of perceiving them, and so little able to remedy them; he learned, moreover, that Lady O'Dell had other troubles besides these. Suffering with a cancer, a most fatal disease, which would inevitably terminate in death, she was, in a measure, sequestered from the world by the will of her husband, who feared that the knowledge of her complaint, the germ of which was in her blood, would injure the settlement of his daughters. This sad and frightful situation was, nevertheless, the least of the sorrows of this virtuous lady. Her young sister, Augusta, caused her the greatest anxiety. This unhappy wife of Major Love had abandoned her faith to adopt the new opinions of Henry the VIII. Ruined by her own follies, and the death of her husband, she had written for a time to her sister to solicit assistance, which had not been as liberally granted as Lady O'Dell desired; and for nearly two years she had received no letters, from which she concluded that either the Admiral had interdicted a correspondence on a subject to which he would not listen, or Madam Love had herself given up an intercourse, which could only awaken remorse without bettering her condition.

This uncertainty of the fate of her cherished sister, steeped the days of Lady O'Dell in bitterness. Mr. Kennelly and Silva shared deeply her just grief.

"God has still faithful servants," cried the young Walsingham vehemently; "it shall not be said, that there are English Catholics and an

unfortunate creature perish without assistance, and without there being some charitable soul who will bring her back to the path of virtue. We will seek for her, her brother and I, and we will restore her to you at least for eternity. God will bless our efforts. It is certainly not without design that he has tried her so severely."

He was also informed that Madam Love had a son; but being separated from her husband, she had never seen either of them from the time of the separation. Her son was then only two years old, and Lady O'Dell had heard nothing of him since the death of Major Love.

Silva promised to use with great discretion the confidence of this lady, and a short time after, Henry decided on leaving Carlisle, where he had spent five weeks with the Admiral.

The morning of their departure, being alone with his sons, "If you have a mind to marry," said he to them smiling, "here are two young ladies that I could easily obtain from their father."

"If all resemble them," said Edmund quickly, "I will renounce matrimony forever, without hesitation."

"Do you seriously think, there are many that are not like them?"

"Many—I cannot yet judge of them, but I very well know that my mother was always what she is now, and that my sister Mary follows her example."

Lord Walsington changed the conversation; Lady O'Dell regretted deeply her brother and Silva, whom she called her little angel. From Carlisle, Henry of Walsington went to New Market, where the races had brought together a number of strangers. Edmund was skilled in horsemanship—Silva refused to take any part in the races, having for two years given up this exercise. I was at New Market when they arrived. Lord Walsingham had given me a rendezvous, and we had agreed by letter to travel together. It was there I saw, for the first time, his interesting Silva. There was nothing remarkable in this young man at first sight—a modest deportment, and even a little careless in his manner—features rather amiable than regular—an air of candor and reserve, were all that one could distinguish on his angelic face; but it was difficult to converse with him an hour, without being fascinated with him, and impossible to know him thoroughly without esteeming and loving him. At the same time the noble and handsome physiognomy of the young Arthur of Roseline struck me, his affable and dignified manners, his wit and agreeable conversation, charmed me.

We passed an evening together at the Spanish ambassador's, who received us with distinguished courtesy—there was a ball that night. Edmund and Silva, with very different sentiments, seemed to study in the eyes of Lord Walsingham the manner they were to act. Henry said it was late, and they would retire together. I accompanied them.

"Do you not like dancing?" said I to Silva, as we were returning to the hotel. "I am persuaded, that you would have acquitted yourself handsomely."

"It is a trifling merit, if any," replied he, smiling; "and I declare, my Lord, that I think it the most dangerous and ridiculous amusement in the world."

"It is at least very good exercise," said Edmund; "but, my Lord, you do not yet know my brother; he is a sage; he compassionates without participating in the weaknesses of humanity."

Silva laughed with me at the pleasantry of his brother, and resumed the conversation.

"If dancing is indeed an exercise, it is at least a *very healthy one*—said he laughing—in the middle of the night in heated and crowded rooms; we see every day also the consequences of balls and their influences on the health of young persons, who give themselves up to them—hemorrhages of the chest, phthisis, &c., are the ordinary fruits they produce."

Edmund turned the conversation, and spoke of our travels; Silva expressed to me his joy at our continuing our journey together, and spoke much to me of Sidney, with whom he corresponded. I manifested surprise at it. "Ah! it is in a great measure to the memory of my uncle Hidalla, that I owe this privilege; for I know that he does not write to any one else, and I conceive, that in his happy solitude, it must be a real sacrifice, to occupy himself still with what passes in the world, for which he has ceased to exist."

The sentiment which animated this reflection did not escape Lord Walsingham. He spoke with me a little after, of his son's ideas of piety and solitude. I discovered in this conversation, that he would have preferred them to be a little less remarkable.

The next day, Henry received a letter from Lord B——, informing him, that the desperate state of his health required the waters of Bath, and requesting him to come, and reside at his castle near Oxford, that he might watch over his estate until his return, in case he ever did. Lord Walsingham determined to go without delay, and requested me to accompany him. We set out the same day for Oxford. We had two carriages—one for our attendants and baggage, and the other was occupied by Mr. Kennelly and Silva. Lord Henry, Edmund, and myself, preferred riding on horseback. I noticed how much the young Marquis of Rosline was attached to Lord Walsingham; he scarcely ever quitted him, loved him, consulted him, and revered him as a father. Henry likewise, notwithstanding his tenderness for his son, was somewhat more friendly and cordially affectionate towards Edmund.

After we had gone some leagues, I observed the first time we stopped in a village, the change in Silva's countenance, he cast himself joyously into Edmund's arms. "Ah!" said he: "how soon the pure air of the country and rural diversions efface those of New Market and large cities!"

"The pleasures of the country," said Lord Henry, "infinitely surpass the others, but all persons are not equally susceptible of enjoying them. One must have pure morals, simple inclinations, and a heart which has not yet been corrupted, by the passions, which often tyrannize over society, to taste those innocent pleasures. I sigh and think with bitterness of the many days and years I have lost in the pursuit of the vain enjoyments of the world."

Arriving at Oxford, were Lord B—— had a hotel, we lodged there, and Henry requested Mr. Kennelly to go before him to Castle Grove, in order to prepare this dwelling during the fifteen days that his business would detain him in the city. Silva asked permission to accompany him; Lord Walsingham consented, and proposed to Edmund to go with Mr. Kennelly and his brother, but he refused.

To be continued.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. III.

“HONORS TO THE DEAD.”—Who has not read the record of the glorious triumphal march in death, through the heart of the Republic, from New Orleans to Philadelphia, of the sad cortege bearing on to an honored tomb the remains of the young hero-martyr to the cause of humanity and science! Yet who of all those who gazed mournfully upon his funeral pall, or read with sympathising hearts the long roll of honors showered on him, paused for a moment to analyze the impulses that struck the responsive chord in his own heart? The generous spirit had taken its flight, the nobler part of man was gone! What more is here? Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. And will the departed spirit heed these obsequies? His honored ashes can not spurn the fellowship of the less honored dead:—for Death is the great leveller, and by his hand all are made equal dust.

So, of all the victims of the pestilence at Norfolk. The bodies of the fourteen physicians and assistants, who went from Philadelphia to save the death-struck people, or perish with them, are to be taken back to Philadelphia as martyrs: and martyrs to humanity truly and nobly were they. Yet, wherefore this? Can they heed this now?

Yes! The Church will answer, for there is the communion of souls, the living and the dead, mindful and interceding, honoring and honored; and without it, all this is vain and meaningless. Yes! it is right, it is just, it is true to the divine spirit of Religion, natural and revealed; and it is the unconscious testimony of the world to an instinctive faith in the communion of the living with the dead. Humanity has its heroes and its martyrs, —and all that is generous, that is noble in the human heart, gushes forth at once to honor those who have become heroes and martyrs to the noblest and most unselfish, most devoted impulses: because in thus much it sees human nature approaching to and reflecting the Divine. It is not dust honoring dust: but the immortal soul, still pent in clay, honoring the generous spirit that has sped, and treasuring the holy relics, once and forever made sacred as its living casket and again to arise at the last day, transformed, to become its glorified tabernacle. It is Christianity—Catholicity.

The world by its acts bears witness to its spontaneous belief in this: yet hesitates and cavils, when the question is of honor to the saints of God and their sacred relics,—the heroes and martyrs of Religion, those immortal heroes who have labored, toiled, and died, in searching for lost souls wandering in the frozen regions of darkness and despair or stricken by the pestilence of sin: who have offered up their lives for the faith of their Redeemer, who stand before the Throne of our Father in Heaven, intercessors for their living, communing, brothers yet only separated from them by the thin veil of flesh soon to be dissolved into dust. How many “Thoughts” of this pent up with “Words” of “Honor to the Dead!”

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITA.

THE CROSS AND THE CRUCIFIX.—A cross with the representation of our Lord's body attached to it, is called a crucifix; one without it, is simply a cross. Both claim the Christian's veneration and love, because they are memorials of the true cross and of Christ who died on it. Leontius, Bishop of Cyprus, thus explained in the second Council of Nice, held 787, the adoration paid to the cross and the crucifix: "He who receives an official document from the Emperor venerated the seal, not because of the paper on which it is impressed, nor of the lead with which it is formed, but because of the Emperor whose seal it is: In like manner we Christians, when adoring the figure of the cross, adore not the nature of the wood, but the sign and the seal of Christ. Looking at it we salute and adore Him who was crucified on it. As children, when they see the staff or the chair or the robe of a beloved and absent father, kiss it with tears, through desire and veneration for their father; so we adore the cross as the staff of Christ."

The Church exposes the crucifix on Good Friday to the public and solemn adoration of the faithful. Benedict XIV, influenced by the testimony of St. Paulinus of Nola, in a letter written to Severus (the thirty-first in the collection of his letters), is inclined to think that this ceremony originated in the rite of the Church of Jerusalem of exposing the true cross to adoration on Good Friday. Those of the Western churches which were not so happy as to have a portion of the sacred relic, performed the ceremony with a common crucifix.

As long as the punishment of the cross continued frequent among the Pagans, the early Christians were careful not to show in public the image of the God-man attached to what was still considered an infamous instrument of death, but they adored the cross itself with precious stones, in order that the sign of malediction might become by degrees, in the eyes of the new converts, a sign of glory and triumph. What better use could be made of earth's jewels than in beautifying the sacred emblem of that cross which was once gemmed with precious blood! Certain busy-bodies complained to St. Francis of Sales that a noble lady, who had placed herself under his spiritual direction, was guilty of great vanity in adorning with diamonds a golden cross that she wore. "What you call vanity," said the mild and prudent saint, "edifies me much. Would that all the crosses in the world were adorned with diamonds and other precious stones!"

The crosses of the first ages had sometimes on their top the figure of a dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost. A copious stream of water flowed from its beak, typifying the abundant grace diffused in our hearts by the spirit of Love. On the right and left of the cross were the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Evangelist, and at its foot was a lamb from the breast and feet of which flowed blood, thus symbolizing the True Lamb crucified for our sins. The head of the lamb was surmounted by a cross, and the blood issuing from its breast was received in a chalice. This manner of representing Jesus Christ was preserved until 680, when the third Council of Constantinople, held under Pope Agatho, ordered that for the future our Lord should be represented attached to the cross under the figure of a man.

Stags and lambs were sometimes depicted at the foot of the cross, eagerly drinking of the water which bubbled up on all sides. The stags represented the Gentiles who, by virtue of the cross, have been delivered from the darkness of idolatry and purified from their sins; the lambs were the faithful who came to draw from the sacred sign of salvation, the graces which they needed to preserve their purity and innocence. Nor was it rare to paint on the cross twelve doves, emblems of the twelve Apostles whom their Divine Master bid be *wise as serpents and simple as doves*. (St. Matt. x, 16.) There

were also crosses from the extremities of which crowns were suspended; hence they were called *crowned crosses*; these wreaths signify, that to be crowned in heaven they must bear the cross on earth. The crown which was on the summit of the cross was upheld by a hand, symbol of the glorious victory which the Hand of the Risen Jesus gained with the banner of the cross, by snatching the crown of empire from the pallid brow of Death. It was also an allusion to what was practiced amongst the Romans; another's hand held suspended over the head of the conquering general, as he marched through Rome in stately triumph, the wreath of victory.

On most of the ancient crosses, when our Saviour is represented under a human shape, the figure is not in relief, but painted on the cross itself. Sometimes he is depicted not in an attitude of suffering and death, but of triumph. Instances are not wanting in the Western church of crucifixes which represent our Lord hanging to the cross entirely clothed.

Our holy ancestors in the faith had great respect and love for the image of Jesus crucified, and in this they have been imitated by the peasantry of Catholic Europe. On the roadside and in the forest, in the valley and on the mountain, stands the cross of Christ, preaching its silent but eloquent sermon on the passion, bringing tears from the eyes and prayers from the heart of the Christian traveler. *Cincinnati Telegraph.*

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—We find in a foreign paper the following beautiful and touching incident, which is said to have occurred at Constantinople during the late European War, and is illustrative of that heavenly charity which every where characterizes the Sisters of Mercy:

"A Mussulman, of the lower class, had been condemned to death for an offense which would appear in France not to be very grave, but which justice, sometimes summary, punishes with death in Turkey. The convict was the father of eight children. The Sisters learned and were moved by the fact. This man cannot be allowed to die, said they, he must be saved. But how? A direct appeal to the Sultan appeared the shortest as well as the surest way. To demand an audience, said they, is the only means. And the two Sisters proceeded to the palace, where their presence must have appeared very strange; the demand for an audience met more than one difficulty, which they overcame. At length the Sisters are introduced to the Sultan, whom they find smoking, in the Turkish fashion, the narguille in a sparkling tube. Abdul Medjid is a man of high mind, and in whom grace of manner is added to dignity. They explained to the Sultan the object of their desire, and he listened to them with smiles and affability. 'I grant his pardon,' said he; 'could I refuse anything to the secret zeal which puts such sentiments into the heart? It is a beautiful thing, that religion which inspires, O holy ladies, a devotion like yours. You bless that religion and bless this generous France. Please to follow this officer (indicating one), he will lead you to the prison, and you will have the pleasure of freeing your protege with your own hands, to restore him to his family.' And as they were withdrawing, softened to tears, and endeavoring to thank him, he added, 'Do not forget the way to this palace, every time you may have anything to ask from me, do not be afraid; all the doors will be open to you—to you the Angels of Mercy.' "

MAXIMS AND RULES OF LIFE.—Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings.

In all your contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph.

Value triumph only as the means of peace.

Do not attempt to frighten your children and inferiors by passion: it does more harm to your own character than it does good to them; the same thing is better done by firmness and persuasion.

Find fault when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and some time after the offense, rather than at the time.

The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses; both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

THE WELL OF SAMARIA.—There is a hallowed charm, a sacred spell, a magic-like influence that seems to hold our spirits in awe when we first set our foot upon the now barren soil of a once favored land; and, as we climb the lofty mountains, and range the valleys of ancient Judea, in imagination we again hear the mournful melody of the harp, that has long since been hung upon the willows.

But, dreary and desolate as this land now is, there are many places of thrilling interest to the traveler; among these is the Well of Samaria, rendered immortal, not because of its antiquity, although many centuries have rolled round since the good old patriarch first dug for its cooling waters; not for its beauty, although both Nature and Art might have combined to make it doubly enchanting, the pure limpid waters of the fountain springing forth from the bosom of the earth, reflecting back the rays of the morning sun, which shone like diamonds on its pure surface; nor yet for its utility, although many a gentle maiden watered her father's flock from its exhaustless fountain, and filled her pitcher for the more pressing wants of her household.

Time, that almighty rushing flood, has long since swept these things into the ocean of oblivion; but there are other and better reasons for perpetuating its memory—the eternal and ever blessed God, while clothed in his mortality, deigned to sit by it and teach the ignorant, calling forth the attention of his hearers to the waters of eternal life. Ask yonder female, who has left her water-pot and is fast hastening to the city of Samaria, how long she will remember it, and what will her answer be? Ask the gathering throng who are following her footsteps to that well, when it will cease to be thought of, and will they not reply, Eternity alone can tell? and, as they sit by the side of Jacob's well, and hear the words of the meek and lowly Saviour, telling them that if they drink of the waters of eternal life they would thirst no more. Oh! how do they bless the day when that well was dug, to be a pulpit from which the waters of life have been preached to them, and satisfied the thirst of their immortal souls. Oh, Well of Samaria, how honored thou hast been! and no marvel—among the ruin and wreck of time, thou hast still found a place where the seat of mighty monarchs cannot be pointed out.

HOME.—Montgomery has written the following beautiful lines on the endearing name of *home*:

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanted shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie,
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet,
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

A CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

THE VISION AND THE SCHOLAR.—Among the students of the University of Padua during the early part of the thirteenth century, there was a scholar by the name of Albert de Groot, a native of Lawingen, a town of Swabia, now fallen into decay. Albert was remarkable for his stupidity and the dullness of his intellect, and was at once the object of ridicule of his companions, and the victim of his teachers. In addition to his mental defects, he was timid and shy, and without any powers of speech to defend himself against the taunts and jeers of his school-mates. Even his diminutive size for one of his age, being then fifteen years old, did not escape the keenness of their satire.

Albert was not insensible to their raillery, and more than once would have listened to the temptation of despair, had it not been for the care of his virtuous mother, and the ardent piety with which she had inspired his youthful mind, and his tender and lively devotion to the Blessed Virgin. If he felt it hard to endure the jeers and ridicule of his companions, yet, when he considered that he had neither readiness, memory, nor intelligence, he thought within himself that probably he deserved all their reproaches; and that the career of science, which he so ardently desired, was not his vocation. Deeply influenced by this conviction, at the age of sixteen, he applied for admission into the Dominican Order, thinking that if he did not shine among the brilliant men who were its glory, yet at least he might the better save his soul. The General of the Order, who was of his own country, gave him a kind welcome, and received him into the convent to complete his studies.

But alas! he found in the cloister the same sorrows he had sought to avoid. His slow wit and dull intellect could take in nothing, or express nothing; and though he found more charity among the novices than among the turbulent students of the University, yet he saw clearly that he was looked upon as the lowest in the house. His piety and humility for a long time supported him; his courage did not fail; he looked forward with hope to the day when his perseverance would surmount all obstacles and break the bonds which held him captive. He took the habit, and became a monk; but still his backwardness as a scholar continued. After two years of patience, he began to be thoroughly discouraged; he thought he had been mistaken; that perhaps he had yielded to an impulse of pride in entering an order whose mission was to preach to the people, and to proclaim to the world the faith of Christ; and which consequently ought to be distinguished for science as well as for virtue; and considering that he should never be able to master either logic or eloquence, he resolved to fly from the convent. Concealing the matter from every human being, he confided the subject of his departure to the Blessed Virgin, his consolation in all his trials. On the night fixed for departure he prayed longer than usual, then after waiting till all the convent was asleep, he went from his cell, gained without noise the walls of the garden, and fixed a ladder against them. But before he ascended, he knelt again and prayed to God not to condemn the step he was taking, for that nevertheless he would serve him, and belong to him, and to him alone.

As he was about to rise, he beheld four majestic ladies advancing towards him. They were surrounded by a heavenly radiance, while their dignity tempered with sweetness and serenity, inspired him with confidence and respect. Two of them placed themselves before the ladder, as if to prevent him from ascending. The third drawing near, asked him kindly why he thus departed, and how he could desert his convent and throw himself without a guide into the dangers of a wicked world. Albert, without rising from the ground, pleaded as an excuse his obstinate incapacity, which resisted all the efforts of his perseverance.

"It is," said the lady, "because you seek in the mere human strength of your own intellect, the light which comes only from God. Behold your Mother," pointing to the fourth lady, "your amiable protectress, who loves you tenderly; ask her for the gift of knowledge; implore her with confidence; our intercession shall second you."

The scholar recognized in the fourth lady the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and bending his face to the ground, he asked her in all the fervor of his heart for the light of science, as heretofore he had only prayed for the graces which tended to salvation.

"Science, my son," answered the amiable Virgin, "is full of dangers; but your prayer shall not be rejected. In philosophy, which you so much desire, beware of pride; let not your heart be puffed up. Long shall you possess the gift of science, and I promise you, as a reward of your piety, that its light shall be withdrawn from you the moment it becomes dangerous to you."

The vision disappeared, but Albert remained for an hour on his knees thanking God and in pouring forth the most fervent devotions to the Queen of Angels, who had so kindly interposed in his behalf. He then removed the ladder and retired to his cell.

The next morning the whole convent was surprised at the extraordinary change that had come over Albert; in his classes he astonished both the teachers and scholars. His former heaviness had given way to the liveliest and most subtle intelligence; he understood every thing; the most difficult problems were solved with a clearness that astonished all. No one, however, was aware of the vision, for the humble scholar kept it a secret. So rapidly did he advance in his studies, especially in philosophy, that in one year he passed all his companions, and even eclipsed his teachers. His piety and humility increased with his learning, and he ever remained inaccessible to the seductions of the world and vain glory.

This scholar, who had obtained this extraordinary gift of knowledge, as the reward of his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was the celebrated *Albertus Magnus*, who was so distinguished during the thirteenth century. For fifty years he astonished all Europe by the vastness of his learning and the profoundness of his teaching. Whenever he spoke, crowds gathered to hear him; and his discourses always produced the most salutary results; yet up to the age of seventy-five, he had never experienced the slightest movement of vanity. It happened, however, on a certain occasion as he was preaching at Cologne, and seeing the immense audience electrified at his discourse, he lifted his head with an air of dignity, and was about to indulge in a thought of self-admiration, when he stopped suddenly in the middle of a learned sentence, and descended from the pulpit without being able to finish it. He had lost his memory. The Holy Virgin, through whose intercession he had obtained the gift of knowledge, appeared to him and deprived him of it at the moment when it was about to become dangerous to him. He fell back into the state of dullness which he had deplored at Padua. He understood the warning, and devoted all his thoughts to prepare himself for a holy death, which took place two years after, on the 15th of November, 1282.

Let children learn from this example, to place their studies under the patronage of the Queen of Heaven, and receive with the gift of knowledge, those virtues which will render them ornaments of society, and worthy candidates of heaven.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.—The following lines, which contain as much truth as poetry, are from the Chinese:

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty, where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent outworn,
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

A COUNTRY clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of an instance I know of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" asked a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very great calf."

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. ROMAN VESPERAL: containing the Complete Vespers for the Whole Year. With Gregorian Chants in Modern Notation. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a book destined to create a new era in the mode of singing *Vespers* in this country. The present practice is defective in many respects, which the work before us will entirely remove. It gives not only the complete *Vespers* for each day, but also a great variety in the manner of singing the *Psalms*, hymns, &c. The change from the old Gregorian Notation is a decided improvement, as it will enable those acquainted with modern music to learn easily the various tunes which are scattered in such profusion through the work: all the music is arranged in the natural key, and it is left to the choice of the reader to select any *pitch* he may think suitable. By having the *Vesperal*, the whole Congregation may unite in singing the divine praises—a thing very much to be desired. Of the present edition, we may remark that the Latin words are printed with unusual correctness—no ordinary merit in an American publication. We hope to notice this important work more in detail in our next number. In the meantime we commend it most cordially.

2. LES PRETRES FRANCAIS EMIGRES, AUX ETATS UNIS. Par M. C. Moreau. Paris: Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work, like the recent volume of Mr. DeCourcy from which, though without crediting, Mr. Moreau has evidently drawn largely, is another French contribution to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States. The publication of such memoirs, developing as they do particular facts on the career of particular ecclesiastics, will be of great service to a future historian of the Church in the United States. The French are peculiarly fond of memoirs, and it is not therefore remarkable, considering the part taken in our affairs by the French clergy, that the great number of books treating on our Church history appear in French, and naturally take in many cases a French view of the country. It is to be hoped that our American writers will multiply the number of these works, by giving us extended biographies of the many eminent clergymen and others, who have not attracted the attention of French writers, but well deserve to be known. Mr. Moreau is a stranger to the country, and naturally falls into many errors that will be easily rectified, and which we need not notice, as this is scarcely the place to make an *errata* for him. The volume contains twelve chapters, the first four of which are devoted to general views of religion in the country, down to the arrival of the French clergy, whom the reign of terror had driven into exile, and whose labors more especially, Mr. Moreau seeks to trace. In the other chapters he treats of the Sulpicians, and the Rev. Mr. Moranville at Baltimore, Matignon and Cheverus at Boston, Richard at Detroit, Bishop Flaget, Bishop Dubourg and Bishop Dubois, concluding with a sketch of the Sisters of Charity, an institute which owes so much to the founder of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg.

3. UN MISSIONNAIRE RUSSE EN AMERIQUE. *Defense des principes Catholiques addressée à un ministre Protestant par le Prince Demitri Galitzin, traduit de l'Anglais par le Prince Augustin Galitzin, précédé d'une notice sur sa vie et ses vertus.* Paris: Douniol. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a French translation of Galitzin's well known little work, "Defence of Catholic Principles," translated by a prince of the same family, another convert from the Russian schism. He has prefixed an exceedingly interesting sketch of the Life of the Pastor of the Alleghanies, showing how earnestly he has sought all that throws light on this illustrious kinsman. His sketch opens with a full account of the Prince Galitzin, whose martyrdom in pretended sport in a palace of ice, gratified the fanatic hatred of the Empress Anne, a circumstance to which Mr. DeCourcy alludes, but erroneously attributes to Catharine II.

4. A VINDICATION OF ITALY AND THE PAPAL STATES. Cincinnati: John P. Walsh. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are pleased to see in book form this able defence of the great centre of the Catholic world. Rome, Italy, and the Pope, are the great bugbears of the enemies of Catholicity. The sound of these time-honored names, sends a tremor through the limbs of many well-meaning persons. Italy to them, is synonymous with tyranny, despotism, intellectual and moral degradation. In Rome they discover the grave of liberty; in the venerable successor of St. Peter, they behold the "man of sin."

That there should be such persons, is not a matter of surprise. The text-books which they studied in their school-days, have left upon their minds the most unfavorable impressions in regard to everything that related to Italian soil. In the family circle, as they grew up, these dismal lessons, which they had learned in the school-room, have been repeated and gained additional force, as they came, perhaps, from parental lips. As they advanced to manhood, all the erroneous impressions of their early days, become settled convictions, and there are thousands, at the present day, who regard as true the worst stories they hear of Italy.

There are, nevertheless, many who would be informed on Italian matters were the means of information within their reach, and to such we heartily recommend the book before us. They will find in it, not only an able vindication of the policy of the Italian Governments, but also a thorough exposition of the means resorted to by the anti-Catholic press of England and time-serving letter-writers, to misrepresent and blacken, in the eyes of the public, every transaction in Italy and Rome—means so vile, that were they resorted to for any other purpose than to traduce the fair fame of Catholics and Catholic governments, they would not be tolerated for a single moment.

To insure its circulation among Catholics, it will be sufficient to state, that the work is generally credited to the pen of Cardinal Wiseman, than whom few men are better informed on the affairs of Italy.

5. STATIONS; OR THE EXERCISES OF THE WAY OF THE CROSS.—Illustrated. Prepared by a Catholic Clergyman. Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick. Third Improved Edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A new edition of this excellent little work. To the fervent Catholic, it is unnecessary to commend it, or to speak of the devotion which it teaches. The way of the Cross! How many touching associations are contained in these words! How many salutary lessons do they contain! If anything can recall our hearts from this sinful world; if aught can inspire us with the value, the priceless worth of our immortal souls, it is the contemplation of the sufferings endured by our adorable Saviour for our salvation. It is, therefore, meet that we should often and seriously reflect on these sufferings; and in sickness or in health, in wealth or in poverty, in prosperity or in adversity, to remember that heaven, our home and our destiny, can only be reached by *the way of the Cross!*

6. THE LITTLE TESTAMENTS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A miniature volume written with a view of facilitating the practice of meditation, and containing a series of devout admonitions, aspirations, and short practical lessons, for each day in the month.

Nothing perhaps, is more happily adapted to enkindle and keep alive a true and fervent piety in the Catholic heart than the practice laid down in this little book. Take for example the following:

"**JESUS**—*I am thy model. May my life, Divine Jesus! be a lively image of yours. Practice—Imitation.*" Again:

"**Mary**—*My child, leaving the world, I bequeath to you my horror of sin. If to avoid it, it were necessary to forego the dignity of Mother of God, I would not hesitate for a moment to do so. My children, commit no faults, even those of surprise or weakness. I cannot love those who love sin. Practice—Horror of sin, and an utter avoiding of the least fault. Ejaculation—Unspotted Mother, pray for us.*"

What practice more salutary for the aged, or more beautiful and instructive for the young!

7. **ETIQUETTE AT WASHINGTON**, and Complete Guide through the Metropolis and its Environs, with an accurate description of the Public Buildings; with fine Illustrations. By a Citizen of Washington. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

An exceedingly useful manual, not only for those visiting the Federal City, but for all who wish to gain information relative to the polite usages in the National Capital. The rules that regulate social intercourse in Washington are such, with slight exceptions, as should be found to exist among polite society everywhere. The Appendix, giving a minute description of the public buildings, literary institutions, churches, &c. with a number of excellent illustrations, contains a fund of valuable and interesting information.

8. **THE LIFE OF ST. AGNES**, of Rome, Virgin and Martyr. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the life of one of the most amiable Saints in the Calendar. No one can read it without piety, love and edification. The substance of the work before us is made up from the hymns, responses, lessons, &c. of the Roman Breviary, and therefore rests upon good authority. Cardinal Wiseman in his *Fabiola* has drawn his admirable delineation of St. Agnes from the same source, and with charming art has blended its various traits into a character of surpassing loveliness. We are sorry to find a work of so much interest, marred by careless typography, especially in the Latin quotations. We hope however that the work will find its way into every family.

9. **CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Indiana.**

The progress of our literary institutions in this country, cannot be otherwise than a subject of deep interest to Catholics everywhere. In them they behold the monuments of their own exertions in the cause of science—monuments that owe their erection, not to State patronage, nor to municipal bounty, but to Catholic zeal and to Catholic enterprise in the cause of education. And as they contemplate them adorning the country from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, they can say to themselves with feelings of self-complacency: Behold the noble inheritance which we bequeath to coming generations! If the Catholic be taunted with the unmeaning charge that his Church is hostile to education, let him point to Georgetown, to Worcester, to the "Old Mountain," to the University of Notre Dame, rearing its lofty turrets amidst the primeval forests, and nurturing within its hallowed walls nearly two hundred students, leading them to the temple of science along the flowery pathway of religion, as living evidences of the refutation of the charge.

The history of the foundation of the University of Notre Dame is fraught with much interest.

In the year 1834, the Rev. S. T. Badin, the Patriarch of the American Priesthood, while traveling through the northern counties of Indiana, visited the spot now known by the name of *Notre Dame du Lac*, but then lying unknown and unnoticed in its native forest. Struck by its loveliness, or, rather, secretly influenced by that Providence who directs the most apparently unimportant events for the accomplishment of its own eternal designs, Father Badin resolved at once to secure this delightful spot, as the site of a future college. This resolution he executed; in the year 1837 it passed into the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brutè, Bishop of Vincennes, and, after his death, into those of his successor, Monseigneur de la Hillandiere, who transferred it to the Rev. Mr. Bach, Priest of the Misericorde, under the obligation that, within two years, he should have erected, or at least commenced, a college building and a novitiate upon the site. Mr. Bach dying soon after, and his society failing to fulfill the required condition at the expiration of the period prescribed, Bishop de la Hillandiere gave the land, under the same stipulations, to the Rev. Father Sorin, Priest of the Holy Cross, who, with a few lay brothers of the same Society, had come to America about a year before. In 1842, they first took possession, and in a few years were enabled to erect, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a large and commodious college building, which having been recently completed according to the original plan, can well compare, at present, with any literary institution of the Western States. It was incorporated by the Legislature of Indiana in 1844.

It owes its present flourishing condition to the zeal and talents of its excellent President, the Very Rev. E. Sorin, and to the efficiency of its officers. May its future be as prosperous, as its past has been successful.

10. **DeBow's REVIEW, Industrial Resources, etc.** Edited by *J. D. B. DeBow*. Published simultaneously in Washington and New Orleans. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work, mainly devoted to developing the manufacturing and agricultural resources of the country, and primarily of the Southern and Western States, is well deserving of public patronage. Mr. DeBow's experience as chief of the Census Department at Washington, has afforded him rare advantages and facilities in becoming intimately acquainted with the resources of the country in its various departments and details. From this store-house of knowledge he supplies the pages of his Review, with a fund of information, useful alike to the intelligent merchant, the Agriculturist, the Statesman, the Political Economist, and the general reader, which are well worthy the attention of every intelligent citizen of this Great Republic.

A part, however, from the main object to which it is devoted, it is a periodical of high literary merit, possessing a vigorous and elevated style, a candor and independence of sentiment, and a generous and enlightened liberality on all subjects that reflect the highest credit on its accomplished editor.

BOOKS RECEIVED:—From Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, *Gentilucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin*, No. 10, two copies, with fine illustrations. From J. P. Walsh, *Keatinge's Singing Class Manual*. From Redfield, *The Frazerian Papers of the late William Maginn, LL.D.*, with a Life of the Author, by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. In our next number, we hope to give a lengthy notice of this interesting book, in the meantime we feel that the name of the accomplished editor will be sufficient to recommend the work to the attention of our readers;—*The Wigwam and the Cabin*;—*Vasconcelos*;—*Hand Book of Consumption*. *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Mount Hope Institution*, a lengthy notice of this interesting Report is deferred for the next number.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—In France a new work of Monseigneur Parisé, Bishop of Arras, excites great attention. Its title is: "Les impossibilités ou les Libres penseurs dé savoués par le simple bon sens." These impossibilities, like the doubts in Father Lorique's admirable little book, "Mes doutes," are in reality objections made to religion, so arranged and answered, as to connect with each other, and form a series of arguments. The first for example is: The impossibility of not admitting the distinction between good and evil in the moral order. The second: Impossibility of doubting human liberty, &c.

A number of Fathers of the Society of Jesus are about to issue a series of volumes, entitled "Etudes de theologie, de philosophie et d'histoire," and to be edited by Fathers Charles Daniel and Gagarin.

The untiring Abbé Migne has just issued a complete edition of the works of the Rev. Mr. Olier, founder of St. Sulpice, and also a Dictionary of the benefits and beauties of Christianity.

We also see a new life of St. Anthony of Padua, by the Recolet friar, Servase Doicks, and a biography of the recent martyr, Chapdelaine. The former is highly spoken of, and will we trust be soon translated into English. The devotion to St. Anthony of Padua prevails in all Catholic countries, and has yet to spread among us. He is not a local Saint, but one whose name is world-wide.

A WELL DESERVED COMPLIMENT TO A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.—*William B. MacCabe, and the Archduchess Sophia of Austria.*—It will be gratifying to the readers of the *Metropolitan*, to learn that the literary labors of this distinguished writer (whom we have the honor of claiming as one of our own contributors), have been duly appreciated and liberally rewarded, even by princely hand. It occurred to Mr. MacCabe, while preparing his late work, "Adelaide—Queen of Italy," that there was an identity of traits in the conduct of Queen Adelaide and the Archduchess Sophia, Mother of the present Emperor of Austria, and he solicited leave to dedicate the book to her Imperial Highness. The permission was not only granted, but the receipt of the work was acknowledged by the following gracious letter:

"Sir.—It affords me great pleasure to have to communicate to you that I am charged by her Imperial Highness, the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, to address you, sir, the herewith trifling object, consisting of a breast-pin, which you will please to accept as a small token of acknowledgment for your very interesting literary work. I seize this opportunity to express to you my own feelings of high esteem, and remain, sir, your very devoted

COUNT DE POISSE,

To Wm. B. MACCABE, Esq.

Grand Master of the Household to her Imperial Highness

The imperial gift is as appropriate as it is magnificent. It represents a shamrock, the stem and leaves of which are composed of no less than twenty-eight diamonds, of the purest kind. The dazzling richness of the brilliants, is set off by a thin rim of jet black enamel, in imitation of the Irish oak. The gift is a most appropriate one for the receiver, and its richness worthy of the Imperial donor.

AMERICAN.—In home literature we must notice what seems foreign in a manner, “*Les Fleurs d’Amérique*,” a volume of French poems, by Dominique Rouquette, of New Orleans, sustaining well the reputation of the family as votaries of the Muses, and highly spoken of by competent judges.

Mr. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, who seems determined to form a little library of Lives of Female Saints, has added to his list a life of St. Agnes of Rome, whose acts have been so beautifully used by Cardinal Wiseman in his *Fabiola*.

Mr. O’Shea, of New York, has published a fragment of the Revelations of Catharine Emmerich, on the Passion of our Lord, a book which excited considerable attention on its appearance some years since in German.

Messrs. Dunigan & Brother announce, “*My trip to France and Rome*,” a volume of travels by the Rev. John P. Donelan, formerly of our city. Also, “*The Three Kings of Cologne*,” a little devotional work by the Rev. Titus Joslin. “*The Three Eleonors*,” by the author of the *Hamiltons*, and a work on Church Music, by the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, who died last summer at Mantazas. The same house have just issued *Lizzie Maitland*, a tale, edited by Doctor Brownson—rather a novel method of introducing works of fiction, *sub nominis umbra*, and may serve a good purpose by introducing young authors to the public, under the auspices of a distinguished name, and thus shield them from the fiery shafts of criticism.

We see by the Boston Historical Magazine, for March, that Mr. John Gilmary Shea is about to issue a series of volumes printed exactly in the shape, style and type of the old Jesuit Relations; thus preserving the most important accounts of early missions yet in manuscript. But one hundred copies of each will be printed. They are to be sold to subscribers only. The first will be Father Gravier’s account of the Illinois mission in 1694.

The Historical Magazine pays a high and well-merited compliment to Mr. Shea’s historical abilities.

We learn from the *London Weekly Standard*, that the same gentleman is engaged in translating from the French, “*the Saints of Erin*,” the legendary history of Ireland, by L. Tachet de Barneval. The numerous contributions to Catholic Literature by this accomplished writer, are the best guarantee that the labor of translation would not be undertaken unless it were of merit.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.—As an incident connected with the progress of Catholic Literature, we are happy to learn that the old established house of Dunigan & Brother, the eminent publishers of Haydock’s Bible, and other standard works, finding their old premises in Fulton street, New York, too small for the accommodation of their extensive and increasing business, are about to remove to a more spacious and central location on Broadway. It is a subject of much gratification, to find that the laudable example, set by our own Publishers some months ago, is being followed by a house so long established, and so competent to conduct the business in a manner alike creditable to themselves, and the cause of Catholic Literature.

In this connection, we deem it due to our own publishers to state, that while the papers of this city and elsewhere, were lavish in their praise of their model establishment, we were restrained from adding ours to the list, and even now feel that we are transgressing by alluding to the fact, that they have the largest and best regulated Catholic Book Establishment in the country—having concentrated in one building everything connected with the process of book-making, printing, binding and publishing, together with the importation of Catholic books and other articles connected with the business, in which they are so extensively engaged. Indeed it is a subject of much pleasure to observe, throughout the country, the many evidences of the increase of Catholic literature. Even in the city of Boston, the stronghold of New England fanaticism, Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising publisher of the *Boston Pilot*, with that energy and perseverance for which he is distinguished, has succeeded in building up a Catholic Book Establishment, which ranks among the most successful in the country, and we learn with pleasure that he has extended a branch of his business to San Francisco, where we hope his pioneer enterprise, among the Miners of California, will be rewarded by the dissemination of large quantities of books, and in return a golden harvest. In New York, besides Messrs. Dunigan & Brother, there are three or four other houses extensively engaged in the publishing and importation of Catholic books and Catholic articles; in Philadelphia, there are three respectable establishments, and three in our own city; while in the South and West, there are many Catholic booksellers. We hope, ere long, to have the pleasure of announcing the enlargement of old and the commencement of new houses, until we can point to extensive establishments in every city in this great republic.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.—On the fourth of the past month the citizens of this great republic witnessed the expiration of the old, and the inauguration of the new administration. The retiring President passes with honor into private life, carrying with him the esteem and admiration of millions of freemen, and the consciousness of having faithfully discharged the high trust to which he was called by the voice of his countrymen. His administration may have had its weak points, and may not have come up to the rigid requirements of some; his government, nevertheless, while it does honor to the executive, has witnessed a degree of national prosperity which will form an era in the history of the country; and we are satisfied, that the future historian, when time shall have removed the prejudices of the hour, shall place the administration of President Pierce among the most honorable and useful of the country.

In the new administration, we have everything to hope for. It has been ushered in under circumstances the most auspicious to the country. Mr. Buchanan placed himself upon the platform of the Constitution and the Union, of equal rights to all our citizens, without distinction of country or religion; and, upon this noble platform, he has been borne triumphantly into power—an evidence that the great conservative principles transmitted to us by our patriotic sires, still dwell in the hearts of the people, and that our national institutions shall be transmitted to our children, in all the vigor of youth and in the full tide of their usefulness, and increasing in stability as they increase with years. Mr. Buchanan's Inaugural Address is an able and well-digested document. He clearly indicates the main features of the policy which shall govern his administration, touching on all the prominent points at issue during the late presidential canvass. The selection of his Cabinet augurs well for the future. With such men as Cass, Cobb, Toucey, and Black, for his advisers, we have the best assurance that the Government, for the next four years, is in good keeping; and that his administration will tend to advance still further the glory and prosperity of the country.

The following interesting document will fully explain itself; and while we insert it, we take occasion to tender our thanks to the learned author for the many favors received from his gifted pen :

A MEDIEVAL CURIOSITY.—In perusing the learned and very interesting Universal History of Cesare Cantù, an author to whom the Catholic world owes no small tribute of gratitude, I have fallen upon the Dialogue between Pepin and Alcuin, which has never, to my knowledge, been translated into English. It is, indeed, a curiosity, which throws much light on the character of the times in which those illustrious men flourished.*

The best idea of the condition of the end of the seventh, and beginning of the eighth centuries, is given by the Bishops assembled in council at Rome, in these terms: "If we turn our minds to profound eloquence, no one, we believe, can have cause to boast of that. The fury of barbarian nations agitates and overruns without restraint, these provinces, which they ravage with war, and ransack with pillage. Here, surrounded with barbarians, we lead a life full of crosses and poverty; constrained to procure a livelihood with our own hands: the goods of the Church having been destroyed, we are reduced to the necessity of living upon faith, as our only subsistence."

And, some years previously, when Pope Agatho sent his Legates to the council of Constantinople, he commanded them as men of great integrity and zeal, and whose fidelity to the ancient traditions supplied the deficiency of learning: "For how," he said, can they acquire a perfect knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, surrounded as we are by barbarians, and obliged to work for their livelihood day by day."

In the year 757 Pepin requested the Pope, Paul I, to send him some books. All that the Pontiff could then procure for him were the *Antiphonarium*, the *Respon-sale*, and Aristotle's grammar, the works of Denis the Areopagite, and a work on Geometry and Orthography, in Greek.

* *Storia Universale. Racconto. Tom. ix. Capitolo xviii.*

It is generally conceded that Charlemagne, the patron of literature and "the king of Europe," could not write. The same is affirmed of Frederick Barbarossa, of Philip the Hardy of France, and other celebrated personages of those times. As late as the fourteenth century, many of the Lords could only affix their mark: and under the cross of one, it was stated: *he could not write because he is a gentleman.**

And still Charlemagne spoke Latin well, and even composed verses in that language, which are much better than those of many other authors of his age. He also understood Greek, and encouraged science by the foundation and endowment of seminaries of learning. The following lines addressed to Paul are a specimen of his productions:

"Parvala Rex Carolus seniori carmina Paulo
Dilecto Fratri mittit honore pio."

These lines may be considered highly classical in comparison with the effusions of Salvator, of Pavia, and other contemporary rivals for the palm of the muses. These authors wrote without the slightest regard to the rules of prosody, making their hexameters consist in the mere jingle of sounds. As for instance:

"Aureo ex fonte fonte quiescent in ordine Reges
Avus, Pater, hic filius ejulandus tenetur
Cunigert florentissimus et robustissimus Rex
Quem dominum Italia patrem atque Pastorem
Inde flebile maritum jam viduatu gernet."

The literary taste of the age was not preëminent, when such a jargon could be put forth as the production of the Latin muse. And, yet, this dense darkness was relieved by the lustre of some names which have not been eclipsed by the splendor of any succeeding age. Among these was Alcuin, who was born and educated at York. Catholicity had penetrated into England, and filled that island with monasteries, which were the schools of piety and learning. That of York possessed a library composed of rich and numerous works, sacred and profane. In the shadow of that monastery Alcuin spent his youth. But, subsequently, on passing through Parma on his way to Rome, whither he was deputed for the pallium for the new archbishop of his country, he became known to Charlemagne who persuaded him to remain in France, made him a confidential friend, and placed him at the head of the seminaries of learning.

There he wrote commentaries on the Scriptures, dogmatic treatises, a book on the *vices and virtues*, a practical essay, in which is displayed a keen observation of human nature; another on *reason and the soul*; besides many miscellaneous productions.

But the great curiosity, the principal object of this paper, is the dialogue between Alcuin and Pepin, King of Italy, which illustrates more clearly than any other document extant the genius of the eighth century.

PEPIN. What is writing?

ALCUIN. The guardian of History.

PEP. What is language?

ALC. The interpreter of the soul.

PEP. What gives expression to language?

ALC. The tongue.

PEP. What is the tongue?

ALC. The sphere of the air.

PEP. What is the air?

ALC. The nurse of life.

PEP. What is life?

ALC. An enjoyment for the happy, a grief for the wretched, the expectation of death.

PEP. What is death?

ALC. An inevitable event, an uncertain voyage, a cause of lamentation to the living, the confirmation of testaments, the thief of men.

PEP. What is man?

ALC. The slave of death, a passing traveller, a guest in his own house.

* Eginard says of Charlemagne: "Tentabat scribere, tabulisque et codicillis ad hoc in lectula sub cervicibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum effigandi libris assuferet; sed parum prospere successit labor præposterus ac sero inchoatus."

PEP. How is man placed?
 ALC. Like a lantern exposed to the winds.
 PEP. Where is he placed?
 ALC. Between its walls.
 PEP. Which are they?
 ALC. Above, below, before, behind, on the right and on the left.
 PEP. What is sleep?
 ALC. The image of death.
 PEP. What is man's liberty?
 ALC. Innocence.
 PEP. What is the head?
 ALC. The top of the body.
 PEP. And the body?
 ALC. The chamber of the soul.
 PEP. What is the sky?
 ALC. An immovable sphere, an immense vault.
 PEP. What is the light?
 ALC. The torch of nature.
 PEP. What is the day?
 ALC. An excitement to labor.
 PEP. What is the sun?
 ALC. The splendor of the universe, the beauty of the firmament, the charm of nature, the glory of the day, the distributor of the hours.
 PEP. What is the earth?
 ALC. The parent of all that grows, the nurse of all that exists, the granary of life, the vortex that swallows everything.
 PEP. What is the sea?
 ALC. The highway of the hardy, the confines of the earth, the assemblage of the rivers, the source of rain.
 PEP. What is winter?
 ALC. The exile of the seasons.
 PEP. What is spring?
 ALC. The painter of the earth.
 PEP. And summer?
 ALC. The power that clothes the earth, and ripens the fruit.
 PEP. And autumn?
 ALC. The granery of the year.
 PEP. And the year?
 ALC. The chariot of the world.
 PEP. Master, I am afraid of the sea.
 ALC. And what conducts thee to the sea?
 PEP. Curiosity.
 ALC. If thou fearest, I will follow thee everywhere.
 PEP. If I knew what kind of a thing a vessel is, I would prepare one for thee, in order that thou mightest follow me.
 ALC. A vessel is a floating house, an inn for every place, a wanderer that leaves no trace behind.
 PEP. What are vegetables?
 ALC. The friends of doctors, and the delight of cooks.
 PEP. What makes bitter food sweet?
 ALC. Hunger.
 PEP. What do men never get tired of?
 ALC. Of gain.
 PEP. What is the dream of him who is awake?
 ALC. Hope.
 PEP. What is hope?
 ALC. The solace of fatigue, a doubtful future.
 PEP. What is friendship?
 ALC. The similarity of souls.
 PEP. What is faith?
 ALC. The certainty of unknown and wonderful things.
 PEP. What are wonderful things?
 ALC. I have seen, not long ago, a man on his feet, and walking, who never was on his feet, or walked.
 PEP. How can that be?

ALC. It was an image in the water.

PEP. Why could I not understand that, having so often seen the same thing myself?

ALC. As thou art a young man of good mind and natural genius, I will propose to thee some other extraordinary things, and see whether thou canst understand them of thyself.

PEP. I will try; and if I fail thou wilt correct me.

ALC. Very well. An unknown person conversed with me without a tongue or voice: he never was before, never will be again: nor did I understand or know him.

PEP. Perhaps a dream?

ALC. Exactly, my son. Hear another: I have seen the dead generate the living, and the dead were consumed by the breath of the living.

PEP. Fire, that issued from the dead branches, and then consumed the branches themselves.

ALC. Right.

ALC. What is that which is, and is not, at the same time?

PEP. Nothing.

ALC. How can it be, and not be?

PEP. In words only, not in reality.

ALC. What is a mute messenger?

PEP. That which I hold in my hand.

ALC. And what dost thou hold in thy hand?

PEP. My letter.

ALC. Read it, then, joyfully, my son.

In order the better to appreciate this dialogue, the reader ought to know, that in the Palatine school, to which Alcuin belonged, it was customary to impart knowledge by oral questions and answers. Hence this conversation, a rare mediæval curiosity; the production of a century, which, though very dark, was illustrated by such brilliant names as Alcuin, St. John Damascene, Paul the Deacon, and Venerable Bede.

P.

FIDELIA will accept our thanks for the following gem, which we are sure will be grateful to every lover of genuine poetry:

D A Y.

THE Eastern gates are all unbarred,

The moon glides like a ghost away,

The joyful light floods earth and sky—

 'Tis day, 'tis day!

The birds have shaken from their wings

The damps of night, and carol gay;

The simple lambs leap with delight—

 They feel, 'tis day.

From flowers, and corn, and creeping vines

That in the dim-light hidden lay,

Myriads of dew drops sparkling cry—

 'Tis day, 'tis day!

Awake my love, from mimic death!

Thy children in the garden play;

Awake, and taste the balmy breath

 Of gentle day!

Bind up thy hair, and let us kneel,

 So we may all together pray,

For God unto our eyes hath given

 Another day.

So may we on that morn arise,

 Whose light shall never know decay,

And in His boundless mercy find

 An endless day!

FIDELIA.

VOL. V.—No. 3

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From February 20, to March 20, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—Prominent among the events of Rome, is the death of the distinguished English convert, Robert Isaac Wilberforce. The melancholy event took place at Albano, on the 4th of January. The deceased had been unwell for some time, but it was generally attributed to the change of his living and habits, being at the time a student in the *Academica Ecclesiastica*. During his illness, and at his last moments, he was attended by Dr. Manning, then at Rome, and by other devoted friends, who thought it a privilege to administer to the comforts of so distinguished a man. Mr. Wilberforce was the second son of the distinguished politician, Wm. Wilberforce, many years member of Parliament for Yorkshire; and his mother was the sister of Robert Spooner, the anti-Maynooth member for Warwickshire. He was born in 1802, and was consequently in the 55th year of his age. He took orders in the Established Church, and, after filling various charges, was nominated Archdeacon of East Riding by the Archbishop of York, about the year 1840. From this time he distinguished himself by his writings, especially those of a theological character. In 1854, he abjured Protestantism and was received into the Catholic Church. Shortly afterwards, he repaired to Rome with the view of preparing himself for the Holy Ministry, and had not death intervened, he was to have been shortly ordained, and sent to England to join his special friend, the Rev. Dr. Manning, in the mission at Bayswater.

On Sunday, the 15th of February, the new Bishop of Clifton, England, the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Clifford, was consecrated by the Holy Father in the Sistine Chapel. Among those present to witness the ceremony, were Lord Clifford and Major Clifford, father and brother of the Bishop.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, which for its peculiar solemnity and all the circumstances attending it, will long be remembered by those present, the Bishops and Chaplains and the relatives of the new Bishop, had the honor of breakfasting with the Holy Father, who afterwards presented Dr. Clifford with a richly-bound copy of the "Pontificale and Canon," and a massive chalice of rare beauty.

The Holy Father recently gave another proof of the deep interest he feels in the welfare of his poorer subjects, many of whom have been thrown out of employ by the failure of the olives in the neighborhood of Rome. He has just given, out of his private purse, 12,000 scudi to be spent by the Commissioners of the Comarca of Rome, in employing the able-bodied laborers of the poorer villages in some work of public utility. The commission have already commenced the levelling of the steep hill at Marino, in the Alban Mountains, as it rises from the Ferentine Valley towards Frascati—an improvement of material importance to the traveller in that classic region.

The Holy Father has elevated to the rank of Senator, Prince Dominique Orsini, who held the same distinction previously to the Revolution of '48.

On Saturday the 31st of January, the Statue of the Blessed Virgin, which is intended to surmount the Column of the Immaculate Conception, was successfully cast by the celebrated Roman founders De Rossi, father and son. The work was carried out in the precincts of the Palace of the Vatican. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the neighboring church of St. Anne, in order to call down the blessing of God on the difficult work about to take place. The running of the metal took place amidst profound silence, broken only by the recital of the Litanies of the Holy Virgin, which were piously answered by the workmen. Afterwards all the parties present, artists and workmen, went to the Church of St. Anne, where Benediction of the Holy Sacrament was given in thanks for the successful issue of the work. The statue represents the Blessed Virgin with one hand raised to heaven, and the other pointing to the earth, as seeming to call on us to entrust our wishes and prayers to her, that she may transmit them to her Divine Son. It is believed that the Holy Father himself suggested to the artist the peculiar position of the statue, and already copies of it have been reproduced of all dimensions, and have been sold in considerable numbers.

The Pope, in the early part of February, honored Chevalier Overbeck, the celebrated German artist, by visiting his studio, where he pleased to express the highest approbation of the painting he has just finished for the Quirinal Palace. The subject of the painting is, our Lord withdrawing himself from the fury of the Jews, as narrated by St. Luke, chap. iv. The Holy Father conversed with Overbeck for some time on the

subject of Christian art, with his usual kindness and affability, and then accompanied him to the studio of Hoffman, the sculptor. His Holiness examined, with much interest and attention, the various works in progress, and complimented Mr. Hoffman on the exclusive Christian character of his subjects.

NAPLES.—Nothing of importance in the political affairs of the kingdom has transpired lately. It is stated that release from prison was offered to a number of political offenders, on condition of their exiling themselves to South America, but that the majority preferred imprisonment at home, to freedom abroad.

The Attempted Assassination of the Archbishop of Matera.—Before the public had recovered from the atrocious crime perpetrated in the Church of St. Etienne at Paris, it was again startled by the news of an attempt to react the same bloody drama on a personage of equal rank, and by one who also bore the sacerdotal character, and under circumstances similar to the tragedy of Paris..

The name of the prelate was Gaetano Rossini, Archbishop of Matera and Acerenza, and the attempt was made during the Forty Hours' Prayers, and while the Archbishop was on his knees on the steps of the altar, adoring the Holy Sacrament. A few minutes before the Benediction, a Priest rushed from behind the altar, and stabbed the Archbishop with a poignard. One of the Canons near the Prelate pushed the arm of the assassin, and broke the force of the blow. The poignard hung in the Archbishop's robes, and wounded him very slightly. He at once fled, and then the Priest, drawing a pistol from under his garments, shot the Canon dead. The attempt was made by a Priest of Matera, by the name of Salvatori Angona, who is thought to have been insane.

SPAIN.—Some excitement has lately been created at Madrid, by the publication of exaggerated accounts of the murder of several Spaniards by the Mexicans, near Cuernavaca. The Government is said to have determined on vigorous measures to avenge the injuries.

The Church has met with a severe loss in the death of His Eminence Cardinal Boñel y Orbe, Archbishop of Toledo. His late Eminence was Grand Chancellor of Castile, First Chaplain of the Royal Church of St. Isidor of Madrid, Knight Grand Cross of St. Isabella, Senator of the Kingdom, &c.; also Commissioner of the "Cruzada." His Eminence was born at Pinos del Rey, in the Valley of Leria, in the Province and Diocese of Granada, on the 17th of March, 1782. He was proclaimed Bishop at Rome, 28th of February, 1831; and was consecrated in the Metropolitan Church of Grenada, on the 12th of June, 1831. In the year 1833, he was translated to the Bishopric of Cordova, and was afterwards promoted to the Metropolitan and Primate See of Toledo on the 4th of October, 1847. On the 30th of September, 1850, he was created Cardinal. The funeral obsequies of this eminent man were defrayed, by the Queen's desire, at the public expense, and all the honors were observed which usually attach to the most exalted persons.

FRANCE.—The Emperor opened the Legislative Chambers on Monday, the 16th of February. His speech on the occasion was received with loud shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* and his reception and departure from the hall were equally enthusiastic. The army is to be gradually reduced to peace footing, by granting temporary furloughs. The Sibylle, French vessel-of-war, has been ordered to proceed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf, to watch any future operations there, or possibly with reference to the claims of the French Government on the Isle of Karrack.

We understand that a French fleet is already on its way to the coasts of China, charged with the mission of insisting upon the reception of a French representative at Pekin, and satisfaction for the recent martyrdom of a Catholic Priest.

The Execution of Verger.—The execution of Jean Louis Verger, the assassin of the late Archbishop of Paris, took place at Paris, on the — of January. The particulars attending the scene, are thus given by the Paris correspondent of the *Dublin Tablet*: Abbe Hugon, the chaplain of the prison, entered his room with the Governor and other officers and attendants. "My friend, my brother," said the Abbe to the condemned, who had obstinately refused to see him since Sunday, "the fatal moment has come; you have nothing more to expect from the goodness or mercy of men; there remains only the justice and mercy of God; and I came to implore you to throw yourself into his arms." "Impossible!" exclaimed Verger; "it is treachery not to have warned me; leave me in peace; I cannot, I ought not to end thus." As the chaplain renewed his exhortations, Verger, who, until now, had only given inarticulate sounds, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, allow me not thus to be taken; leave me in peace; if I must die, I wish to die as I am. I do not want any Priests or relics." "My brother," answered gently the respected chaplain, "what I hold in my hand, what I bring to you, is the crucifix, the holy image of Jesus Christ whom you have always professed to adore; it is in the name of Jesus Christ that I speak to you; listen to me." "It is

possible, yes, I love, I adore Christ; but it is not thus that I ought, that I can die. Gentlemen, you that are decorated, who know the emperor, obtain for me permission to write to him; it is an affair of two hours; you can send an express. Four men carried him to the room destined for the last preparations. When the executioner's assistants began to cut his hair and his shirt collar, the cold steel of the scissors caused the condemned man to shiver violently. The chaplain took advantage of this moment to recommence his exhortations. His features became more calm, and after a moment's silence and interior recollection, he arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "I deplore the scene of violence which you have witnessed. It is nature struggling against its premature end. Listen, all whom I have scandalized; I retract all I have said; I declare, in the plenitude of my reason, that I wish to die a Christian and a Catholic, and as a Priest, as much as it may depend upon me. I ask pardon of God and man for the odious crime I have committed. I offer freely and sincerely my life in expiation of the evil I have done." He expressed a desire to speak with the chaplain privately in a corner of the room, and all present retired. He then threw himself on his knees, made his confession, and received absolution; and when the chaplain recited the prayers for the dying, he attended with recollection and responded in Latin. He then walked to the scaffold, supported by the chaplain and the executioner, repeating, "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy on me." At the sight of the scaffold, he exclaimed several times, "Glory be to Jesus Christ." He begged the chaplain to accompany him to the platform, saying, "My friend, my only friend, do not forsake me in this last moment; you alone can support me to the end." He begged permission to kneel down to recollect himself for a few moments, and then he said, "Mr. Chaplain, my brother, I charge you to make an honorable apology to all my ecclesiastical superiors, whom I have grieved and offended. Tell them I ask pardon from them; that I forgive them; I offer my life in expiation of my faults." Having kissed the crucifix several times, and embraced the chaplain, he delivered himself to the executioner.

Cardinal MORLOT, Archbishop of Tours, has been nominated by the Emperor to the Archiepiscopal See of Paris.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings in Parliament have been animated and involving important matters. In the Commons, Mr. Spooner introduced his periodical motion, asking leave to bring in a bill to withdraw the Maynooth Grant; the motion was refused by a majority of eight votes. In the House of Lords, Lord Derby brought in a motion condemnatory of the proceedings which led to the Chinese war. His lordship supported his motion by an able speech, in which he declared the whole affair illegal, unconstitutional and unjust, and not warranted by the circumstances. The motion, however, was lost and the government sustained. In the lower house, also, Mr. Cobden introduced a motion deprecating the attack on Pekin, and asking for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the matter. Here the government was not so fortunate as in the House of Lords. The ministry was defeated and Mr. Cobden's motion sustained by a majority of sixteen votes.—Mr. Crampton, the late minister to Washington, has been appointed minister to Hanover.—The British Parliament, like our own national council, finds it necessary occasionally to purge itself of an infectious limb. This has lately been done by expelling from the house Mr. James Sadlier, the brother of the late notorious John Sadlier, who perished miserably by his own hand. The expelled member is charged with divers frauds and fraudulent practices, and bills of indictment for misdemeanor have been found against him.—The papers announce the death of the Earl of Ellesmore, which took place on the 18th of February. The deceased was distinguished as a munificent patron of art, and an author of some merit.—A terrible explosion of a colliery, near Barnsley, recently took place, causing the death of a number of unhappy workmen.—His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman preached at the church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the evening of 22d February. On the occasion an immense concourse of persons was present.—A conversion to the Catholic faith of importance has been announced upon authority in the person of the Rev. T. S. Livius, M. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, late a curate of Truro in Cornwall.

IRELAND.—*The Irish Catholic University.*—This noble institution continues to increase in favor, and to extend every day more and more the sphere of its usefulness. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, lately published a pastoral on the subject of a collection in aid of the University. Its Medical Department is the only medical corporation in Dublin, which, since the re-establishment of peace, has witnessed an increase in the number of its students. The number now amounts to sixty; and it is calculated that by next November, it will reach at least the figure of a hundred. In the old and opulent establishment of Trinity College, there are but twenty-five young men engaged in the work of dissection; whereas, in the Catholic University, struggling into existence, sixty are so employed. Can any fact show more clearly the future destiny of the new institution; and that while Trinity College has modestly been what the

Germans call an "archigymnasium"—a high school for philology and mathematics, where theology, philosophy, history, and natural science, have never obtained a great expansion—the Catholic University will embrace the whole cycle of human sciences?

The Faculty of Philosophy and Letters in the latter establishment, numbers upwards of fifty students; and among these are young gentlemen belonging to the Irish, Scotch, French, and Belgian aristocracy. These are the first fruits of what these classes will send to the University, when its existence has been more solidly secured, its resources have become more ample, and its power more widely spread.

Death of the Archbishop of Cashel.—This excellent prelate departed this life on the 5th of February, at the Episcopal Palace, Cashel. His funeral was attended by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare, and one hundred and eighty clergymen. Immediately after the obsequies, the Very Rev. Dean Leahy was chosen Vicar of the diocese, until a successor to the lamented deceased should be appointed.

Russia.—The report of the Russian Minister of War, declares that the truce concluded with Schamyl, during the Turkish war, expired in May of last year, and that operations against the Circassians have been resumed along the whole line of the Caucasus.

Letters from St. Petersburg mention that it will be the beginning of April before the Emperor Alexander sets out on his journey to Nice, and either on his way or on his return, he will visit Napoleon, at Paris.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—Some months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the foundation in this city of an Infant Asylum, under the auspices of those angelic daughters of St. Vincent, the Sisters of Charity. As an evidence of the success that has crowned their efforts, we learn that they have been compelled to procure a larger house, in order to accommodate the increasing demands on their charity. A collection was lately taken up in the church of St. Ignatius, in behalf of the institution, which exceeded one hundred and forty dollars.

2. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—*Magdalen Asylum.*—It is with pleasure we record the establishment of a "House of the Good Shepherd," as an asylum for female penitents, in the city of Cincinnati. Already, several of the unfortunate creatures, whom the good Sisters have gone to redeem from vice and infamy, have been received into the establishment. The Rev. Father Hengehold is the director of the asylum. We gather the following interesting particulars touching these institutions from the Cincinnati Telegraph: "These Sisters of the Good Shepherd have four houses in America—in Louisville, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Montreal—and now a fifth in Cincinnati. Since their arrival in Louisville, they have had the happiness of seeing two hundred of those girls restored to virtue and respectability. Eighty of these had received no religious instruction whatever until they entered the asylum; and eight of them died in sentiments of contrition and piety, blessing God, who snatched them like brands from hell-fire. By the Sisters they are taught needle-work and habits of industry, by which they can gain a decent livelihood, when they leave their temporary refuge; and those who [choose can remain in the Asylum.]"

3. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—The interesting ceremony of opening the new Academy of Franciscan Brothers, at Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., took place on Thursday, the 12th of February. The new edifice is described as a building of grand and imposing appearance. The exterior of the building, says the Pittsburg Catholic, with its well-proportioned cupola, combined with its elevated position, strikes the eye of the visitor, even at a distance, with grandeur. It is about seventy-five feet long, forty five wide, and sixty to the apex of the cross on the cupola.

Religious Reception.—On the second of March the following young ladies were received at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Pittsburg, by the Very Rev. E. McMahon, V. G.: Miss Mary Doran (Sister Mary Kostka), Miss Ellen M'Carthy (Sister Mary Calistus), and Miss Winifred Flanagan (Sister Mary Euphemia). On the 19th, in the Chapel of St. Xavier's, near Latrobe, were professed, by the Rev. R. Phelan, Miss Elizabeth M'Cue (Sister Mary of the Immaculate Conception), Miss Julia O'Brien (Sister Mary Placidus), Miss Alice Hammell (Sister Mary Cleophas), Miss Magdalen Lutz (Sister Mary Bruno), and Miss Mary Cassidy (Sister Mary Dominica).

4. DIOCESE OF NEWARK.—The exertions of Catholics in Newark in the cause of religion and education are worthy of all commendation, and even elicit the admiration of their non-Catholic fellow citizens. The Newark Daily Guardian thus speaks on this sub-

ject: "We have before referred to the Catholic Church in this town, and the energy of its flock in the erection of school-houses, lecture-rooms, &c., without any aid from the public outside of its own influence. Formerly the children were all huddled together in the basement of the church; but when able, the people began to erect that magnificent school-house on Church-street, the like of which as a school-house and lecture room, is not to be found in this place. This furnished a fine female school-room with a ceiling as high as a church, and so arranged for egress that even upon the fall of the floor with hundreds of people upon it, a few months since, all gained extrication and egress in a very short time without any very serious injury. Later, Father Senez, the devotee to the cause of humanity and education, commenced the erection of the pretty school house near the church, which is an ornament to the street, as it is a benefit to every child whose well ventilated school-room is a place of comfort and of health. Here hundreds of the Catholic children receive *free instruction*, and under the care of the benevolent Father are preparing to become good men and women."

A Large Bell.—The same journal gives the following interesting particulars relative to the bell of the Catholic Church in Newark: Since the erection of the Catholic Church in this place, all the people have been called to service by the old Spanish Bell, formerly used at a Spanish Convent. It is a rude and curious casting, of an antique pattern, surmounted by a Bishop's mitre of solid bronze or bell metal. On the sides are various inscriptions and the name of the Saint to whom the convent was dedicated, in the spire of which it originally hung. We noticed a very pretty cross and the words "Ora pro nobis"—"Pray for us." It is of very pure metal, and the brass founders gave a great price for its weight in exchange for the new bell on account of their bill for the same. It has a large iron clapper, made to hit upon the rim, differently from the mode of striking now-a-days adopted by bell-founders for their clappers.

During last year, a society of Catholic young men was organized under the name of "St. John's Catholic Institute," and now number about 100 members. This association has under its management an excellent library, containing about 1,500 volumes.

5. DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.—The interesting ceremony of receiving several young ladies into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Monday, March 9th. The names of the young ladies admitted to the Holy Habit and Veil are as follows: Miss Ellen McGlinn (Sister Mary Euphrasia), and Miss Jane Maria Kelly (Sister Mary Madeline). Very Rev. J. Hughes, Pastor, presided, and Rev. P. Hendriken, of Waterbury, delivered a most eloquent and appropriate discourse.

6. DIOCESE OF BUFFALO.—*Confirmation and Religious Reception.*—The Buffalo Sentinel gives an interesting account of the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Bridget's church, Buffalo, by the Right Rev. Bishop Timon, to over one hundred children, who had been prepared for the reception of the sacred rite by the Rev. Mr. McMullen. Before administering the solemn rite, the Bishop addressed them in a few appropriate remarks, on the nature of the Sacrament which they were about to receive, and the obligations that it would entail upon them, of clinging firmly to the faith and the practices of our divine and holy religion. He afterwards gave the white veil to two young ladies of St. Bridget's Convent, Miss Walsh, in religion Mary Teresa, and Miss Higgins, in religion Mary Aloysius.

OBITUARY.—Never before has it been our painful duty to record in a single month, the demise of so many of our beloved clergy. Death has even entered the episcopal mansion, and left behind him the sad evidences of his melancholy visit.

Died, on the 22d of February, of apoplexy, the Right Rev. JOSEPH CRETIN, Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota, in the 58th year of his age. The lamented prelate was a native of Lyons, France, and was consecrated Bishop in St. Louis, on the 25th of January, 1851.

On the 5th of March, the Rev. JONATHAN FURLONG, of Cambridge, Diocese of Albany, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 28th of February, at the residence of his friends, Boston, the Rev. THOMAS KENNEY, of the Diocese of Portland.

On the 15th of February, in St. Augustine, Florida, the Rev. STEPHEN SHERIDAN, in the 32d year of his age.

On the 8th ultimo, at the Episcopal residence in Cleveland, the Rev. J. BOURGADE.

At Georgetown College, D. C., on the 23d of February, the Rev. FRANCIS XAVIER KNACKSTEDT, in the 41st year of his age.

During February, at San Francisco, California, the Rev. JOHN REARDON, late of the Diocese of Pittsburg.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

1. THE ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS AND THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.—On the Fourth of March at noon, the Thirty-Fourth Congress of the U. States brought its labors to a close. The session was not distinguished for any extraordinary measures. The revision of the tariff and the coinage bill are among the most important public acts. Much time was occupied in investigating the charges of *corruption* brought against several of the members. A Committee was appointed to examine into the charges, and reported in favor of expelling several of the *Hon.* members, but this punishment was eluded by the accused, by the resignation of their seats.

The Inauguration of President Buchanan took place immediately after the adjournment of Congress. The imposing ceremony was witnessed by an immense concourse of persons from every section of the country, and the pageantry attending it exceeded anything witnessed on a similar occasion. The following particulars we abridge from the *National Intelligencer*:

At 11 o'clock the procession received orders to move. It passed round D and Seventh streets to Pennsylvania avenue, it proceeded westwardly, halting at Willard's Hotel, where President Pierce and the President elect were to join them. Here they entered a barouche, accompanied by the Committee from the Senate, Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Foot, of Vermont. Immediately surrounding the carriage was a cloud of mounted gentlemen, all arrayed in the scarfs of marshals and assistant marshals, under the general charge of the marshal-in-chief.

When the procession arrived at the north end of the Capitol, the President and President elect, preceded by the Marshal and party, left the carriage and passed through a covered way, built for the purpose, from the street to the north entrance of the Capitol, by which they reached the Senate chamber.

There were here assembled the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the heads of Departments, members of Congress elect, ex-members, and officers of the army and navy, and other privileged persons.

Before the Senate had closed its business for the session, the oath of office was administered by the Hon. James M. Mason, President of the Senate *pro tempore*, to the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President elect, who made his acknowledgments in a brief and appropriate speech.

Upon the arrival of the President of the U. S. and the President elect, they were formally conducted to the seats appointed for them by the Committee of Arrangements.

After a short pause, the President and President elect, preceded by the Marshal of the District of Columbia, the Justices of the Supreme Court, and other functionaries, and followed by the Vice-President and Secretary of the Senate, the Senators, the Diplomatic Corps, Heads of Departments, and other official persons, proceeded to the platform erected on the eastern portico of the Capitol, and were seated. Here they were welcomed by enthusiastic shouts from the people.

The President elect then stepped forward to the centre of the platform and commenced his Inaugural Address, which he read in a clear, distinct, and forcible manner, so as to be heard over a considerable area of the vast assemblage gathered before and around him. The address was frequently cheered, as the sentiments which suited the feelings and judgment of his auditors, reached their ears.

At the conclusion of his address, the President elect bowed to the people, who saluted him with hearty cheers. He then turned towards the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who administered the oath of office, the President reverently kissing the book. He was immediately congratulated by the numerous official and other gentlemen surrounding him.

These impressive ceremonies being ended, the President and other functionaries returned to the Senate Chamber, and, after remaining there about half an hour, passed out by the same covered way to the carriage, which was now assigned to the President, the Vice-President, and the Ex-President. The procession then moved to the Presidential Mansion, in nearly the same order as that observed on its approach to the Capitol.

The following gentlemen constitute the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, and have been confirmed by the Senate:

Secretary of State—Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Secretary of Treasury—Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia; Secretary of Navy—Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut; Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi; Attorney General—Judge Black, of Pennsylvania; Postmaster General—Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee.

2. AN IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.—An important decision has been lately delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *Scott against Sanford*. Dred Scott was a slave, and had accompanied his master from Mis-

souri, if we remember right, to Illinois. On his return to Missouri, he was induced to believe that he was no longer a slave, and demanded his liberty. This being refused, a suit was brought in the State of Missouri, and followed from court to court, until it finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States. In this tribunal, the case was decided against Scott. The opinion of the court was delivered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, and decides the following important points:

1. Negroes, whether slaves or free—that is, men of the African race—are not citizens of the United States by the Constitution.

2. The ordinance of 1787 had no independent constitutional force, or legal effect subsequently to the adoption of the Constitution, and could not operate of itself to confer freedom or citizenship, within the Northwest Territory, on negroes not citizens by the Constitution.

3. The provision of the act of 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, in so far as it undertook to exclude negro slavery from, and communicate freedom and citizenship to negroes in the northern part of the Louisiana cession, was a legislative act exceeding the powers of Congress, and void and of no legal effect to that end.

In deciding these main points, the Supreme Court determined also the following incidental points:

1. The expression "territory and other property" of the Union, in the Constitution applied in *terms only* to such territory as the Union possessed at the time of the adoption of the Constitution.

2. The rights of citizens of the United States emigrating into any Federal territory, and the power of the Federal Government there, depend on the general provisions of the Constitution, which define in this, as in all other respects, the powers of Congress.

3. As Congress does not possess power itself to make enactments relative to the persons or property of the citizens of the United States in Federal territory, other than such as the Constitution confers, so it cannot constitutionally delegate any such powers to a Territorial Government organized by it under the Constitution.

4. The legal condition of a slave in the State of Missouri, is not affected by the temporary sojourn of such slave in any other State, but on his return his condition still depends on the laws of Missouri.

Its conclusions were concurred in, we understand, by six of the Justices of the Court—namely, Justices Taney, Wayne, Catron, Daniel, Grier, and Campbell.

Justice Nelson stated the merits of the case, the question being, whether or not the removal of Scott from Missouri, with his master to Illinois, with a view of temporary residence, worked his emancipation. He maintained that the question depended solely on the law of Missouri, and, for that reason, the judgment of the Court below should be affirmed.

3. THE DEATH OF DR. KANE.—This distinguished man, who sacrificed himself to the cause of humanity and science, died at Mrs. Almy's hotel, Havana, on the 16th of February. As soon as the melancholy event was made known, a meeting of the citizens of the United States, then in Havana, was held at the United States Consulate, for the purpose of agreeing on some public demonstration of respect to the memory of their distinguished countryman. Colonel Blythe was appointed chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Tiffany, of our own city, was named as secretary. A committee was appointed consisting of Col. Wm. Robertson, Ex-Governor Cushman, and Mr. Battle, to draw up resolutions of condolence suitable to the occasion. The Cuban authorities, who had, during the illness of the deceased shown him every mark of respect and attention, seemed to vie with our own citizens in doing honor to his memory. The Captain General in a letter to our Consul expressed his deep sympathy with our citizens in the loss they had sustained, and requested to be informed of the result of the meeting, in order that he might take part in the demonstrations in honor of the lamented dead, and in a subsequent communication, placed the boats of the Government at the service of the committee for the purpose of conveying the remains on board the steamer.

On the morning of the 20th all the American and Foreign Consuls assembled at the hotel where the deceased died, and accompanied the remains to the wharf. The corpse, shrouded in an American flag, was borne on the shoulders of white men, hired for the purpose. The line then moved towards the Plaza de Armas, where it was met by the Faculty of the Havana University, civil and military Governor of the city, Aides of General Concha, and a large number of the authorities, headed by another band of music. The body was placed in the Captain General's own boat, beautifully shrouded, and was followed on board the steamer by a large number of boats of all nations. The sight was grand and impressive. On arriving on board the Cahawba, the Civil Governor of Havana, Brigadier General Echaverria, made a very beautiful and appropriate speech in Spanish. The remains which had been previously embalmed, were conveyed to New Orleans on the steamer Cahawba—from thence they were conveyed, attended by every demonstration of respect, to Philadelphia, his native city, where they have been interred.